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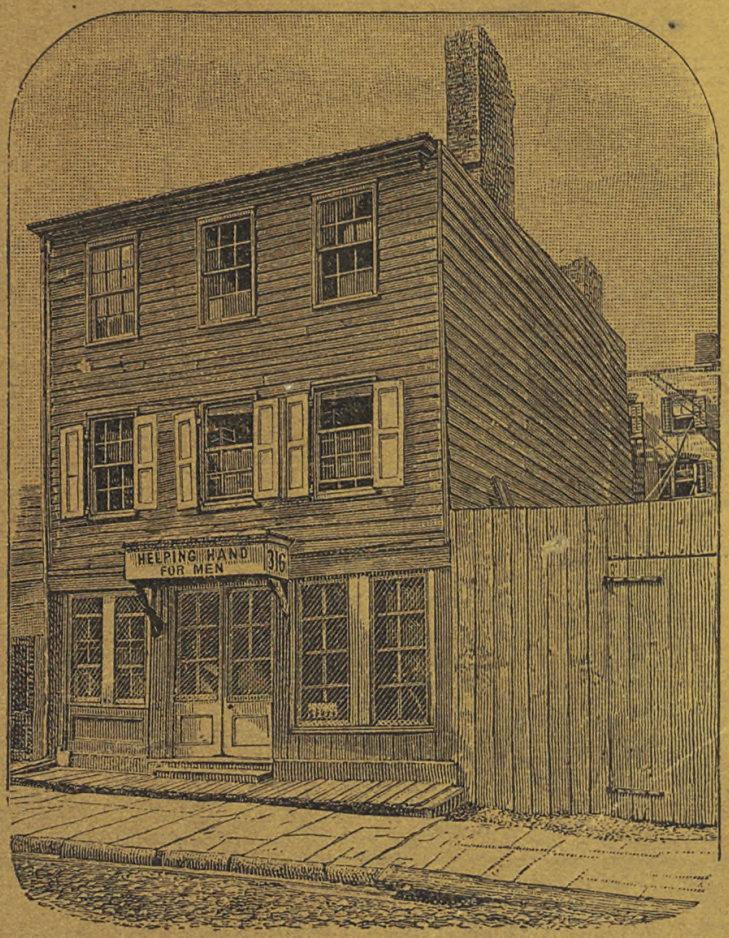

"In a small Wooden House, old and rickety, the beginning of these meetings was made."—Page 8.

NEW YORK,
1880.

DOWN IN WATER STREET EVERY EVENING.

SECOND EDITION.

Describing the work of the McAuley Water-Street Mission, among the outcasts in New York City; with an account of its Eighth Anniversary. This book is published and sold for the benefit of the poor converts of the Mission; and will be mailed, postage paid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS; FIVE copies mailed for ONE DOLLAR. Orders for the book are solicited. Address W. R. BLISS, 41 West Eleventh Street, New York.

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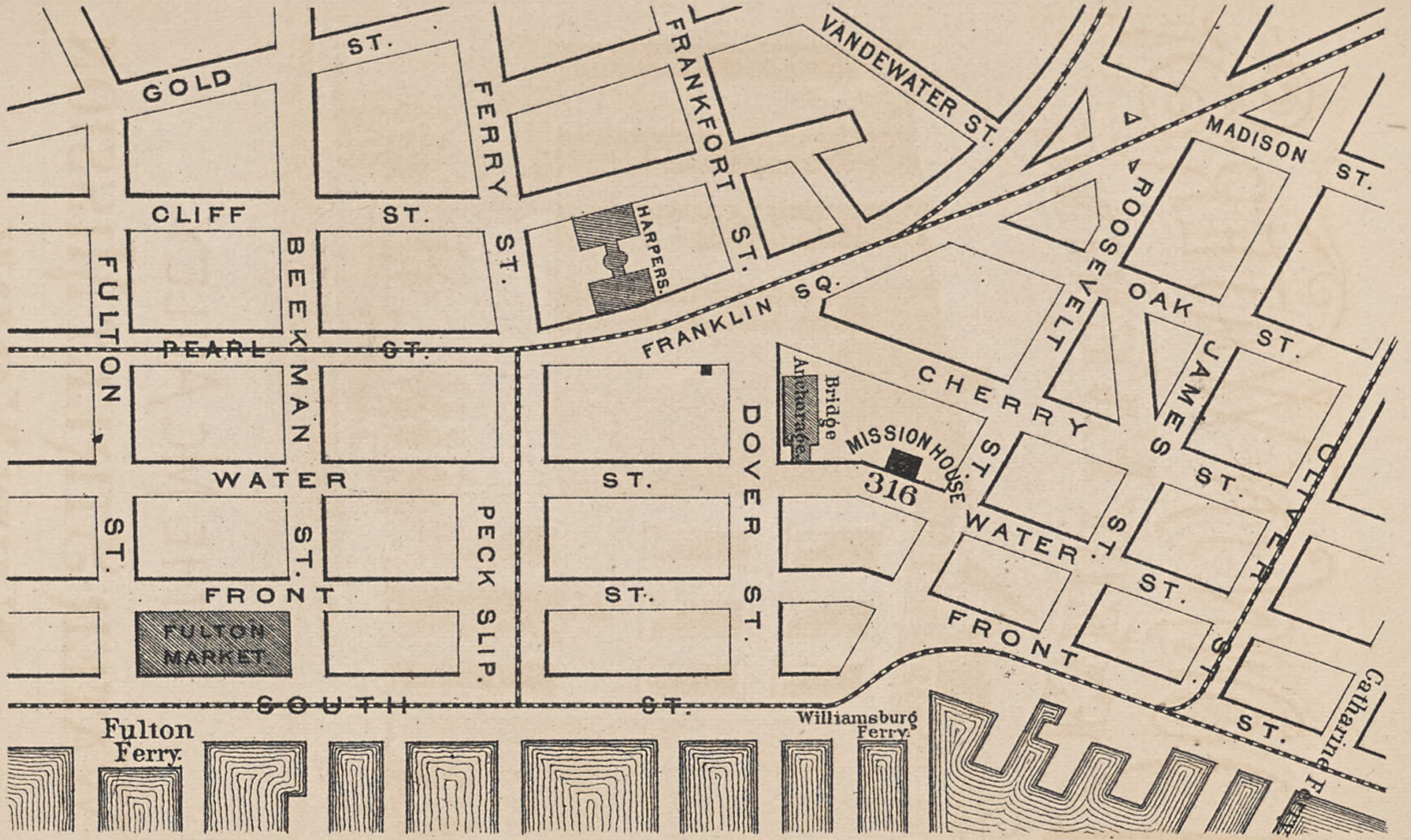

This Map shows the location of the Mission House, No. 316 Water Street, New York.

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CONTENTS.

Every Evening 7

The Audience 11

The Chapel Services 19

The Testimonies. 24

The Invitation 46

The Acceptance 49

Holding on; Letters from Converts 54

Testimonies of Dying Converts 62

The Thief 71

The Drunkard 73

The Man at the Wheel 77

The Eighth Anniversary 80

The Mission House 86

Note.—*The proceeds from the sale of this Book are intended for furnishing temporary assistance to the sick and needy converts of the Mission; and to those who, having shown evidence that they have commenced the new life, require a helping hand until they are fairly started in it.*

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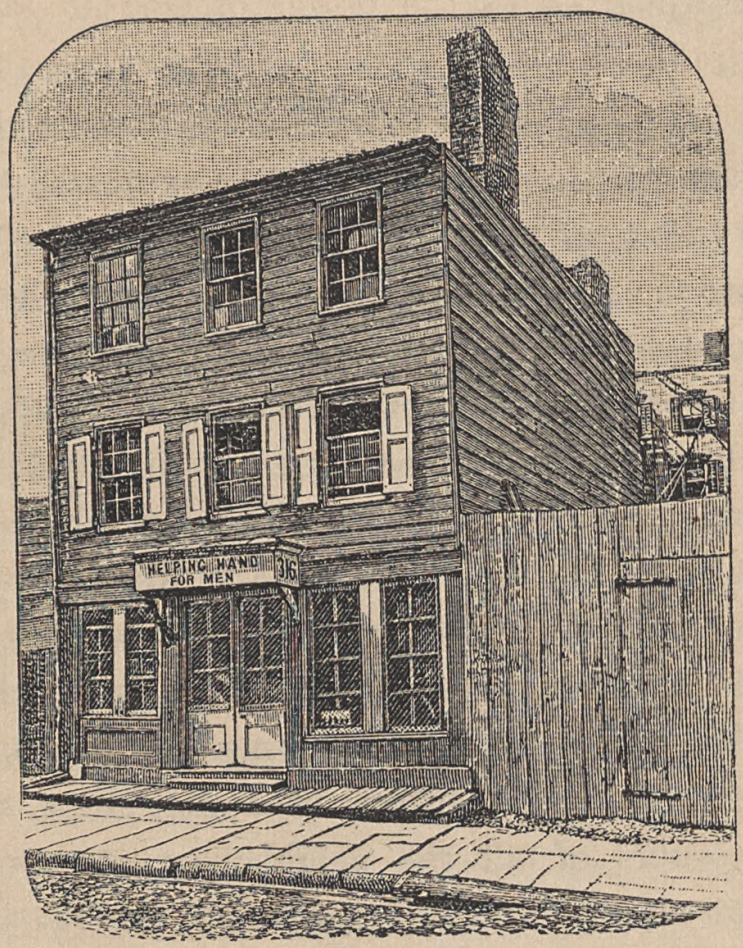


THE FIRST MISSION HOUSE.

AT sunset, every evening in the year, a lantern is lighted over the door of the large brick building known as 316 Water street, signaling a meeting for religious service to which any one may come. Evening after evening, without regard to the weather, the lantern is lighted, a meeting is held, hymns are sung,

the Bible is read, prayers are offered, and brief testimonies are given of the power of God to save the most degraded sinner.

Eight years ago, in a small wooden house, old and rickety, the beginning of these meetings was made. The face of the neighborhood at that time expressed hostility to everything of the kind. On either side of Water street stood a range of dirty rum-shops, whose rear doors opened into rat-pits or gambling-dens, where thieves resorted and crimes were plotted. These places were flanked by lewd dance houses, brilliantly lighted at night, and announcing their readiness for business by the dreadful strains of fiddles and hurdy-gurdies. On their sidewalks debauched women stood waiting to entice sailors within, where these victims were drugged and robbed and then deposited senseless in the street. Drunken men, foul-mouthed boys and idlers, waiting at the corners of all the neighboring streets for an opportunity to commit crime, shouted profane jests at each other during the evening, insulted the passers-by, and made the region hideous.

This was the field in which the little seed of the Mission was planted. And when a few Christians came together, for the first time, and knelt in prayer in a remote corner of the lower room of that old house, the seed began to sprout. The songs of praise which were

sung that evening attracted attention in the noisy street. Shabby men and boys came up to the unshaded windows, peeped in and wondered; then one by one they lifted the latch and crept into the room.

From that evening to this, thousands of street-idlers and outcasts have entered the Mission Chapel, and have obtained salvation through the Lord Jesus. To many of them this salvation has meant everything: food and clothing, restoration to home and friends, respectability and outward comfort in this life, as well as inward peace and joy, and the promise of the life which is to come.

When it became necessary to take down the old wooden building, and erect in its place a substantial brick house more suitable for this prosperous work of the Master, the Mission was endowed with the form and powers of a corporation under the laws of the State of New York. Its original title, "The Helping Hand for Men," was then dropped, and it was named "The McAuley Water-street Mission," from respect to its superintendent Jerry McAuley, who, with his wife to assist him, has been connected with it since its commencement.

He was imported from Ireland when very young, and was landed in Water street, where he brought himself up as an apprentice to all kinds of vice. Homeless and friendless, he became a drunkard, a vagabond

and a thief. When nineteen years old, he was sent to the State Prison at Sing Sing, where he was confined nearly eight years. In prison he received his first religious impressions. These became obscured soon after his release; but, in time, they were revived and strengthened, and at last he was thoroughly converted. Four years later, after having lived an earnest Christian life, he was filled with a desire to devote himself to laboring for the salvation of degraded and neglected men. Having been one of that class himself, understanding their character and habits, being earnest in his purposes, and animated by a desire to win sinners to the Saviour, he is able to speak in these meetings with effectual power to rough men, who listen respectfully to his words and are attracted by those personal peculiarities that fit him for this work; a work which is unique and has become one of the most important in the lower part of New York city.

THE AUDIENCE.

THESE evening meetings attract men of various classes, including many who avoid other Christian agencies; men who have never been in a place of prayer, and some of whom have never heard the Bible read except by the chaplain of a prison; poor, friendless men who have drifted into New York from all parts of the world; drunkards, thieves, roughs, and discharged convicts; sailors, boatmen, longshoremen, and many prodigal sons who have wandered away from Christian mothers and have fallen into crime and beggary.

The influences that draw them into the meetings are various. Some are led in by curiosity, having heard of the Mission while in prison, or in a thieves' den, or in the forecastle of a ship, or in a seaport on the other side of the globe. Some, wandering about the neighborhood with aimless purpose, are drawn in by the good singing which they hear as they pass the door. Some come in for rest, and an hour's shelter, having no home, and having been turned out of their favorite rum-shop because their last penny is spent. Others come in as to a place of refuge, where for a short time they will be beyond the reach of temptations which they are unable to resist. And many come in because they are beginning to be tired of the burden of sin; tired of serving

the devil who has separated them from their friends and families, has stripped them of everything that they had, and then kicked them into the street. For these men the Mission door stands open, and its cheerful lights are kept burning every evening. Every evening the tender-hearted invitation of Jesus is offered to them: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matthew, 11 : 28.)

There are thirty or forty old converts of the Mission who are regular attendants at the meetings. But the audience, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, and sometimes four hundred, presents every evening many new features, new faces, and new experiences of life.

This man is a blacksmith; his wife, who is with him, is in the habit of visiting the sick and destitute when she is out of work. He was a ragged drunkard when he came into the Mission four years ago; but now he bears the stamp of a Christian. The man with bright eyes is a huckster. What a wretched outcast he was more than a year ago, when he came into one of these meetings! His wife and children who had left him are living with him now, and once in awhile she comes and tells us what a happy home she has got. Very much of the same sort was this large, rosy-faced man. When he came here, two years since, he seemed to be clothed

in the greasy remains of a rag-shop. Now he cannot speak of the change which Jesus has made in his heart and home, without shedding tears expressive of his gratitude.

The man against the wall is a painter; those next to him are sailors; the one on this side is a marble-carver. He came into the Chapel by accident one evening; not being sober, and hearing the singing at the door, he thought he was coming into a dance house. But the Holy Spirit touched his heart that night, and he has been a regular attendant here ever since, testifying with thankfulness that the Lord has saved him. Most of those men on the next two benches are type compositors. There are twelve sitting together yonder, who strolled into the Chapel, one by one, during the last four months of 1879—all coming from a dirty grog-shop in Chatham square, where they were spending their earnings in the lowest forms of dissipation. They are new men now, inside and out.

Those five or six men sitting together yonder are engineers on tug-boats and freight steamers. They live in the center of great temptations, and some of them are the only Christian men on the boats to which they belong. The men in front of them are pilots on coasting steamers, in port only two days of the week, but always at the meetings then. The man next to them

is master-at-arms on a revenue cutter; he comes to the meetings whenever he can get shore leave. That mulatto boy was the steward of a schooner just returned from a sealing cruise south of Cape Horn.

This young man here has been arrested and locked up eight times, and generally for clubbing his father, or voting too often on election day. He will tell you that when he was in prison he used to call upon some politician to get him out, but now the only help he looks to is Jesus, who is able to keep him out of all kinds of sin, and out of jail, too. Next to him is an old 'longshoreman; and that cheerful looking woman alongside of him is his wife. They became Christians about six years ago; were literally picked up from the gutter by the Saviour.

All those men there are truckmen. You may see them on South street or on the piers during the day, and you will generally find them here in the evening. This large gray-haired woman is sixty-three years old, and she has never learned to read. She was formerly a bigoted Romanist, and a drunken beggar hobbling along Water street, pretending to be lame. She will tell you now, with thankfulness, that Jesus has given her a clean heart and a clean home, although she had neither when she came to Him.

That one-armed man is a peddler of small articles on

the street. He speaks every evening of the peace and comfort that he enjoys as a disciple of Jesus. That tall man and his wife live in the cuddy of a gravel scow; and the man and wife next to them live on one of the scows that carry off the street sweepings. All those men and women live on river barges. They were very bad people once, but they are Christians now. The man with sunburnt cheeks is an officer of a coasting steamer. His constant testimony is, "It is good to serve God."

Next to him sits a genteel-looking man, who was a professional card-player, employed in a notorious gambling-room up town. He came to the Mission one evening deliberately, having been for some time troubled with a desire to live a better life, and believing this to be the place in which to learn how. He has spent about fifteen years of his life in State prisons. While listening to the testimonies in these meetings, he felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit in his heart, and the next day he gave up his wicked occupation.

Those men along the wall are recently from State prisons. Some of them have been notorious burglars. One of them has been an inmate of prisons in every part of the world. This one came here from the Charlestown prison. He wandered through the streets looking for work, avoiding the rum-shops, living on

one meal a day, and passing the evenings here, as in a place of shelter and safety. One night he came forward for prayers, and showed that he was earnestly in search of salvation. When he got employment, out of his first wages he brought back fifty cents which had been given to him at the Mission, and desired that it might be lent to some other poor fellow.

This earnest, well-dressed man was once a river thief. That sturdy fellow with smiling face was once a devil incarnate. This handsome young girl says she "was once as bad as any girl could be."

These are some of the products of the Mission. Others are scattered into all parts of the world, laborers in the Master's vineyard,

> Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
> Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
> Sowing the seed by the fading light,
> Sowing the seed in the solemn night.

You will notice that loud emotional expressions are not common with the Mission people. Their feelings are not in sympathy with noisy declamation, or wearisome exhortations. They prefer testimony, the personal experiences of a religious life. They are generally reverential and unostentatious in their utterance and manner. Occasionally the heart of a joyous brother who, with trembling words, testifies that "God spake

peace to my soul one day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on board the ship 'George Peabody,' at Pier 14, East River," relieves itself by an explosive "Amen!" But usually it is only the still, small voice of the Holy Spirit which is heard in their testimonies.

Most of these people have been transformed outside as well as inside. They are witnesses that the religion of Jesus is good for making a man externally clean and respectable, as well as for giving him a clean heart. Some of them are very tender-hearted, never failing in Christian love, sympathy and charity for others who are struggling to find the light, and who, by reason of poverty, may be forced to return to their evil ways and bad companions. Shabby men from the gutters are taken into the families of these poor converts and kept until they are sober, and are then brought to the Mission. One outcast was kept for six weeks on a scow, by a convert and his wife, whose joint income was only six dollars a week. A helping hand is extended to all coming into the Mission, who truly repent of their sins.

In cases of sickness, the poorest converts have been known to give cheerfully their time to wait upon their suffering fellow Christians, and also to aid them by money which they have obtained in advances on their weekly wages. They also do this for the stranger, the outcast, and friendless, who is seeking the Lord. One

woman said: "I have no money, but I can sew. I will cut up one of my sheets and make some clothes for the children." Another woman washed the filthy clothing of a thief, and did it cheerfully, that she might lead her to the Lord.

Many of these converts have been admitted as members of Christian churches. They know the day and the hour when they were converted. The change of regeneration was so great to them that their memory is impressed with it indelibly. Some of them are examples of instantaneous conversion; not that they were instantly sanctified; but "suddenly there shone from Heaven a great light round about" them; they were suddenly turned around, and their course of life was suddenly changed, between their first coming in and going out at that door. From that time they have been fighting the good fight of faith, with more or less success. Every one of them can say, with the positiveness of the man who tells his experience in the ninth chapter of John: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see!"

THE CHAPEL SERVICES.

THE Chapel, on the first floor of the Mission House, is a pleasant room, well ventilated, abundantly lighted, and kept scrupulously clean. On entering the door you cannot avoid seeing and reading the words, which are suspended near the entrance:

> THE USE OF TOBACCO
> IN THIS ROOM
> IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

This, and every regulation which a daily experience in the work has proved to be necessary for its success, is rigidly enforced. No disorder, disturbance, or dirt will be tolerated.

Meetings are held in the Chapel, every evening and every Sunday afternoon; four hundred and seventeen meetings annually, for praise, prayer, and testimony of the saving power of the Lord Jesus. The services at the evening meetings are always commenced at half past seven o'clock, and closed at nine o'clock. There never has been a break in the nightly succession of these services since they were begun in October, 1872. Here every discouraged wanderer has always found an open door, and an opportunity to meet the Saviour.

The only variation in this regular work of the Mission occurs at Thanksgiving and Christmas. A dinner is usually given in the Chapel, on the afternoon of

Thanksgiving day, to those converts attending the meetings who have no place where they can enjoy such an entertainment. And men with families, who have not the means to provide a Thanksgiving dinner, have usually been furnished with it by the kindness of one of the friends of the Mission.

The Christmas festival is celebrated in the Chapel, immediately after the close of the religious services on the last evening of the year; when a Christmas tree is uncovered and gifts are found upon it for the men, women and children present. This is always a pleasant occasion for the children of the Mission families, and it is the only evening in the year when many of them are seen in the Chapel.

The Bible is read and explained at the beginning of every meeting. There is no sectarian teaching. But the instruction given is simple: that every man and woman is a sinner, and that Jesus is able and willing to save the vilest wretch on earth who will come to Him. He is presented as a personal, a living omnipresent Saviour, the only helper and healer of sin-sick souls.

As there are many happy hearts in the Mission, there is a great deal of good singing. Nearly two hundred hymn books are annually thumbed to tatters, and the truth has been fastened upon many a sinner who

has wandered into the Chapel, by its association in the memory with pleasing melodies sung during the services. In summer, when the windows are open, the voices of the audience sometimes rise in such a powerful volume of song as to fill Water street with a melody that contrasts strangely with the riotous noises issuing from the groggeries near by. The loungers of the vicinity, upon whose ears these hymns strike, night after night, have remembered some of them, and occasionally, from the dens on the corners, tipsy outcasts may be heard trying to carry themselves through a chorus which has been sung in the Chapel of the Mission.

The testimonies, or personal experiences, given by the converts, are an important part of the services. About three-quarters of an hour, at each meeting, are devoted to testimonies, under a general rule that no one shall speak more than one minute—a rule which is always enforced, unless there appears to be a special reason for extending the limit.

These testimonies show that if there is one truth of the Gospel more clearly illustrated than any other, in the experiences of the people converted in this Mission, it is this: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1st of Timothy, 4: 8.) And to the poor, wretched, homeless, and sin-burdened wrecks of body

and soul, that drift into this Chapel, this truth is preached in every testimony: "It pays to serve Jesus."

It is useless to preach this truth to the well-to-do sinner, surrounded by wealth and comforts. He thinks that he already has the "promise of the life that now is." Salvation is to him a self-sacrifice, a surrender of some of his riches and pleasures. To move him to repentance and godliness, you must appeal to his conscience, and his duty to his Maker, and must turn the current of his thoughts to "that life which is to come." But to many of the outcasts who wander into the Chapel, there is little need to preach a heaven and a hell hereafter; for when they, in sorrow and penitence, supplicate the Lord Jesus to forgive their sins, surrendering themselves to Him, they are fleeing from a present hell on earth; and when they are converted, a heaven begins to them here and now.

Their first and constant thoughts and expressions are, therefore, not so much about the penalties of sin, and the rewards of righteousness in the life to come, as about this truth—which they have discovered for themselves—that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is." To the thoughts of the men who utter these testimonies, evening after evening in the Mission Chapel, the dividing line in human existence is not so much the grave, as it is the hour,

the minute, when they were sensible of having escaped out of a visible, tormenting hell on earth into, what is to them, a present heaven; into the "promise of the life that now is."

Afterwards, when they have come to realize the terrible abyss of eternal woe, from which the blood of Jesus has redeemed them, their hearts begin to take in some conception of the things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man; things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but hath revealed unto us by His Spirit." (1st of Corinthians, 2: 9, 10.) Then their faith lifts itself up, and they learn the higher strains of the song of redemption. But they do not cease to remember and testify that it is Jesus who is saving them from sin now; who has saved them from those sins which formerly made their lives wretched; and who is giving them this day their daily bread.

"Jesus saith unto him, go and tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee." (Mark, 5: 19.) "I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us." (Isaiah, 63: 7.)

THE TESTIMONIES.

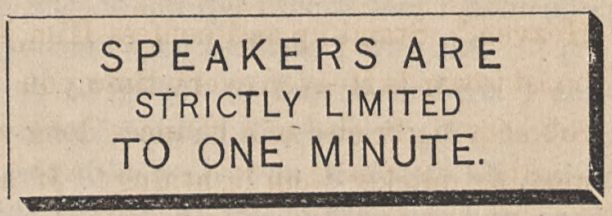
WHEN the Bible-reading is finished, the testimonies are begun. Mr. McAuley, standing at the head of the aisle, speaks first:

"The meeting is now open for testimonies. Every one who wants to speak for the Saviour can have one minute to speak in. There are a good many here that have got reason to testify what the Lord has done for them. Now, don't be afraid to do it! Stand right up, young converts! Jesus said: 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father in Heaven.' Stand up and confess Him, and it will give you a good boost towards Heaven every time you do it. Speak short, or you'll rob somebody else of a chance; long-winded speeches will kill a meeting quicker than lightning! If any of you feel like making a long speech, just cut off both ends and give us only the middle of it! What would you think now of three hungry men that had a bowl of stirabout and only one spoon, and the fellow that got the spoon never passed it, but ate up all the stirabout while the two fellows looked on! And what would you think of a man getting up here and taking all the time, while the rest of us are hungry to speak for Jesus? Now don't forget to pass the spoon around!

"I'll tell you my experience, and I won't be long about it. This blessed Jesus saves me. He saves me to-night from being a drunkard, and a gambler, and a thief, and a fraud, and everything else that you can put in. He saved me eleven years ago; and He saves me more to-night than He did then, because I've grown in grace. Bless His holy name, forever! When I tell you

that Jesus saves me, I mean just what I say! There's no sham about it! I don't tell you I was a drunkard, and a thief, and a fraud, to glory in it. But I want you rough men to understand what Jesus has done for me. Yes! when I was such a miserable sinner that I hadn't a friend, this blessed Jesus picked me up out of the mud, and saved me from desiring to do those things which I had been doing. And he saves me now. Who wouldn't love the name of Jesus? The meeting is open."

Two or three immediately stand up to speak. It is often necessary, when many appear to be desirous to speak, to call attention to the admonition conspicuous on the wall:



If this admonition is not heeded when it ought to be, the striking of a little bell will remind the man or woman of too many words that the time is up.

This man, thirty-two years old, was born and brought up in Water street; became a fearless and desperate burglar; and came into the Chapel for the first time about two years ago, direct from the New Jersey State prison. He says:

"If there's any unfortunate wretch here to-night, down deep in crime as I was, I want him to know what Jesus has done for me. My heart sometimes fills right up when I think about it. I've been through all kinds of sin. I never was intemperate. But I've been a desperate man, and I've committed the worst crimes. I've been twice in State prison. Many were the sad, sad years

I've spent alone, behind the prison bars! I thank God that I ever came into this Mission! I came here looking for work. I didn't want religion, I wanted an honest job. I listened to the testimonies, and I saw that the men were in earnest; and when Jerry gave the invitation to come forward for prayers, I went. I knelt down and prayed. I couldn't grasp the meaning of it. But God in mercy heard me, and how He has blessed me since! When I first came in here, I had just been serving a term of seven years and seven months out of ten years. The man that went in with me got twenty years, and it was only by the mercy of God that I didn't get it!

"But Jesus has forgiven my sins, and has made me a happy, peaceful, and contented man, which I never was before. Once I was afraid to go through the streets by daylight, lest the first policeman I met should tap me on the shoulder, and say 'I want you!' But now I can look any man square in the face, and feel that I am honest, and am trying to do what is right in the sight of God. My friends, if I didn't know there's a reality in this religion, I'd chuck it up! I wouldn't stand here talking in this way; and my only object in telling this is to induce some man who has been as bad as I was, to come to Jesus, and be saved from his sins."

The testimonies follow one another promptly, interrupted only by the singing of one or two verses of a hymn. The man now speaking is a 'longshoreman:

"Jesus saves me to-night from being a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, and every sinful habit. He has taken the desire for sin away from my heart, because I ask Him to do it every day. A little more than six years ago, I and my wife were good-for-nothing drunkards. What we had on our backs, when we first came into this Mission, put together, wouldn't have fetched fifty cents in a junk-shop. Blessed be God, it isn't so now! If you knew what my home was six years ago, and see it to-night, you'd

say, I've got out of hell into Heaven! My old friends, alongshore, told me they'd give me to hold on until I'd got a dollar to spend. But blessed be God, I haven't gone back yet! What is there to go back to? Jesus keeps me, and He has sweetly kept me and my wife for six years and a little more. Every promise in the Bible has been fulfilled in my case. Although I used always to steal sugar regularly from vessels I was discharging, I haven't stolen the value of one pin from any man for more than six years, and haven't desired to! Blessed be God for this salvation! Christian friends, pray for me."

This man's testimony has suggested the singing of

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

His wife follows him, saying:

"Six years ago there was never a more degraded sinner than I was, to my shame be it said. My home was a drunkard's hovel, and the principal thing there was the rum bottle. I kept coming to this Mission, but there was so much Romanism rooted and grounded into me that it took a long time for me to be willing to let Jesus in. But I can now say, to the glory of God, that my sins are all forgiven, and the past is under the Blood. In place of the rum bottle we have the Bible in our home, and it isn't kept for ornament; and if God calls us at any time, we are all packed up and ready to go."

The young man now speaking is a steam engineer, accustomed to earn fifty dollars a month. For ten years

he spent all his earnings in the rum-shops of Water street, and its neighborhood:

"I do thank God that I ever came into this Mission! It has made a man of me! I knew about it for years before I came in; but I preferred to spend my evenings in those places on the corners over there. I never had a white shirt, nor an overcoat, or any comfort or happiness before I came here, although I had money enough. I hadn't written my mother for nine years, but when I began to come here I wrote to her about it. I earn less wages now than I did when I was serving the devil; but I have got more, because I don't use it to support the rum-sellers, and I don't spend any of it in sin. Jesus saves me, and keeps me every day; and oughtn't I to be thankful for it?"

This man is a graduate of Dartmouth College; where, he says, he acquired his intemperate habits because he was allowed too much money by his parents. He has practiced law in Massachusetts. Intemperance brought him to New York, and he had been entirely abandoned by all his family friends, except his wife, when by chance he strolled into the Mission from a low grog-shop in Chatham square, where he was existing:

"It is not long that I have been coming to these meetings. When I think of what I am now, and what I was last summer, I am astonished. I had nothing then. I have everything that I need now. When my last cent was gone, I told my companion if he would go and sell my old linen coat, we'd take a drink with the money. When he brought me the money, I thought we had better get something to eat, as we had not had anything for two days. So we went and got two bowls of soup. That night I strayed into this Mission, and I have not drunk any liquor since! The other

day I met my old companion, and he wanted to treat me. 'What will you take?' said he. Said I, 'I'll take a box of paper collars—as I need some; but no more rum for me!' The Lord Jesus has saved me; and I desire to serve Him."

Another who was converted here, but is now living in a Western town, has come in to express his gratitude:

"I can look back more than six years to the blessed Sabbath when God first sent me into this Mission, and began his work in my heart. I began my drinking career on Broadway, then drifted into the Bowery, and had got down into Water street when the Mission arms caught me. I was thinking about it to-day, and I shuddered as I looked and saw how few steps more it was to the river! I realize how very narrow was my escape from destruction! God has been good to me in many ways, and, best of all, He has kept me in the straight path."

A pale-faced man, recently from prison, says:

"I was a criminal from boyhood. My first sentence to prison was when I was nine years old. I have served four terms in prison. When I happened to come into this meeting one night—and I was received with open arms—I was tired of sin, tired of eating bread and water behind the bars. The testimony I heard, together with the words of Mr. McAuley, had a reaction on my mind. I knelt down and prayed, and my sorrows were healed. I now have a vocation, and I love my Saviour."

A young man who works in a printing office, follows:

"I am only twenty-two years old. I was a drunkard four years: in Albany, and Boston, and this city. Being a compositor by trade, I got work wherever I went. But my wages all went for drink, and at last I became an inmate of a low den in Chatham square. For months I scarcely left it; when I got stupidly drunk I went into the back room and slept on the floor, with forty or fifty others

like myself. My bed was a couple of newspapers, and a cheese-box for a pillow. I was going such a way that I'd have turned up my toes in a month or two longer, if I hadn't come in here. One Sunday evening I thought I would go down here and listen to the singing. When the invitation was given to come forward for prayers, I went. And I went a good many times afterwards. I was a Roman Catholic, and it seemed hard work for me to get changed. But at last Jesus extended his hand, and led me out of darkness into light. He keeps me daily by simply trusting Him."

This large man, with a beaming face, is the captain of a three-masted schooner :

"Its very hard work to sit still here ! There's no one in this room who has more reason to bless God than I have ; and I should do injustice to the dear Lord if I should not give my testimony. I feel that I owe all that I am to-night, in answer to my mother's prayers. At fourteen years of age I went to sea, as my father had done ; and I never shall forget that my mother kneeled down with me before I went away, and she prayed, 'O Lord, keep my son from temptation ; he goes out to take his father's place.' The dear Lord followed me to sea. He has saved me from sin, and given me a clean heart ; and He gives me the evidence, every day I live, that I am born of God ; that I am an heir of Heaven ! I am so glad to recommend this same Jesus to every sinner. Yes ; blessed be His name ! He can save if we will only let Him."

The man now rising to speak is a steamship officer :

"I thank God for ever having let me come to this Mission. When I was a youth I went to sea, and soon learned to sin ; I used to get drunk, and had a sore head and a sore heart all the time. I didn't have a friend in the world. I never lived right until God led me into this place. When I gave Jesus my heart He saved me from my sins, and they are no more to me. He has taken everything wicked out of my desires. Jesus is my Saviour, and I

don't do the things I used to do, because He saves me. I know it is good to be a servant of Jesus. I know it is hard to be a servant of the devil. Since I've been serving God I've never had to look for a ship. I ought to be thankful, indeed; and I hope you will pray for me. I'm far from what I ought to be."

This verse is now sung:

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.
I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh."

This man is a truckman for the Bridgeport steamers:

"My testimony, to-night, is that Jesus saves me. I had a good home once, and a good mother who prayed for me. But I slammed the door in her face; and for nine years I gave all my earnings to the gin-mills, and had to go a begging and to prison. I heard about this Mission, one night, in a thieves' den in the Bowery. I wasn't sober when I first came in here. The clothes I had on—some belonged to my father, and some to my brother. I didn't suppose I was worth saving. I didn't know that anybody cared for me. I heard the testimonies of men who had been drunkards and thieves, like as I was. I thought I'd try to get this salvation; and I did. I went out of here that night a sober man. Some ladies at the door shook hands with me and asked me to come again. It touched my heart. I hadn't received any such kindness since I left my mother. For nearly three years now, I've had the evidence in my heart that I am saved. I have been living careless lately; but by the help of God I'll live so no more."

An educated man near the door, who comes to the meetings frequently, and always takes the same place, rises and says:

"I should be ashamed of myself if I didn't tell what the Lord has done for me. I was a poor, miserable wretch; and one evening, last winter, going along Water street, with no object in view, I saw the light over this door. It proved to be a light-house to light me to eternal life. I was once a respectable man. I had money, and friends, and a good education; but drunkenness brought me down to poverty, in the gutter; and when I strolled in here I was in rags and dirt. I found Jesus here, in this corner, that night, and now this is the most precious spot to me in New York. Jesus has saved me, and taken care of me, and made me happy. I desire to testify of His goodness whenever I can get an opportunity to do so."

This young man came here from Sing Sing prison. There are sometimes fifteen or twenty men in a meeting, who, like him, have been "behind the bars":

"I am one of those Christ came to save. I want to tell how He has saved me from my sins. When I first heard the testimony of these men here, telling how they were drunkards and thieves, and all that, I wasn't sober myself. I sat off there by the door. But I heard what the men said, and I said to myself, 'That's my life to a cent!' I was arrested in the street right opposite here, and I got five years in Sing Sing. I got the shower baths, and the ball and chain, there. I was in a lot of fellows that tried to escape from prison on a raft. We got caught. One of 'em was shot. If I'd been shot I know I'd been in hell to-night. When he was a-dying he asked me to pray for him. I didn't know how to pray! Never prayed in my life 'till I came into this Mission; and when I was invited I bounced right up for prayers. I didn't wait. Jesus heard my prayer, and I

feel He has saved me. I know it. I like to come to the front and tell it now, because there are some fellows coming here that's just the kind I was, and I know Jesus can save 'em from their sins if they want to be saved. I never was happy till Jesus saved me."

This is an Erie canal boatman now speaking:

"I bless God, to-night, that I have got an experimental religion. The religion of Jesus is a religion that I can talk about! I haven't had it but a short time, but it fills me with joy and peace every day; and God being my helper, I will tell of His saving grace as long as I live."

Then a man rises and says in a quiet tone:

"My dear friends: I want to say that when I first came in here, about four years ago, I was a poor lost drunkard, without a coat to my back or shoes to my feet. I know I was a nuisance everywhere. I wasn't worth ten cents; and I was ready to fight any man that put his fist in my face. But, my dear friends, it isn't so now. God has given me and my wife clean hearts and clean ways, and everything that we need, and has given me a humble and quiet spirit; and He has made us civil. If a man now strikes me on one cheek, I think I am willing to turn to him the other also, if thereby I can serve God. I swing my sledge every day at my work with heavenly thoughts, and sometimes I forget my mate on the other side of the anvil, and keep striking as if it was one more blow for Jesus. My Christian friends, pray for me that I may ever be humble and faithful."

What he has said suggests the singing of the hymn:

"One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But Heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light fill all my soul to-night."

A young man, who has spent many years in prison, says, in an unpretending manner:

"I am thankful that God gives me a disposition to tell what He has done for me. I thank Him for keeping me to-day in a time of temptation. I thank Him for bringing me in here to-night, and not letting me roam around the streets as I used to do, committing all kinds of crimes. I want you all to pray for me."

Another now rises and says:

"I am glad to testify that Jesus saves me from my sins. How thankful I ought to be! He saves me from gambling and the use of tobacco and rum, and from everything that is wicked and sinful. He makes me a clean Christian."

He is followed by a captain of a tug-boat, saying:

"When I came in here a few months ago, the testimonies pricked me to the heart, and I didn't have any rest until I went to Jesus. Now I can say, 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' I seek His blessing and guidance every morning before I start my boat, and every night after I have tied her up. I am trusting in Him all the time."

This speaker is an officer of a sailing ship:

"Friends," he says, "I've been following the sea all my life. When I wore ship and began to sail under the Lord's directions, my shipmates said: 'You just wait and see how soon you'll get fetched up with a round turn.' But, thanks be to God, I haven't been fetched up yet! Jesus keeps me. He guides me with His counsel. He is the confidence of the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

This suggests the singing of the following verses:

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

"Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me."

A sailor rises and says:

"I've been a desperate man, but now I'm a sinner saved by grace. I came along here and I heard the testimonies in the meeting. I reckoned the men were honest, and I made up my mind to wear ship and sail in the Lord's service. Ho! shipmates, there is no service like that! Bless the Lord! I've squared my yards by the lifts and braces, and I'm bound to glory now!"

Another sailor says:

"The first night I went away from this place I went aboard my ship and kneeled down in my cabin, and prayed the Lord to save me from my sins. And when He saved me I felt as my ship might feel when all the barnacles have been scraped off from her bottom: I felt as if I had been scraped off clean inside and outside."

A woman now rises and says in a plaintive voice:

"Ten years ago last October, I left New York to try to lead a better life. I had become a poor, miserable, degraded woman. But the Lord Jesus stretched forth his arm and rescued me; this precious Saviour, this dear, tender, loving Jesus has taken away all the burden of my sins and given me a title clear to Heaven. And my only desire is to be a faithful, humble servant of Him who is my Master."

Then an old woman, with an Irish accent, says:

"This blessed Jesus saves old women, too! I was a drunken old thing; and told lies, and lived in a dirty hole, and had nothing. Thanksgiving night my four years was up since I first came

in here. I was drunk then, but I haven't been drunk since, and never will be, God helping me! The Almighty God is good to me in everything. He sent me a turkey Thanksgiving day, with money tied to the end of it, and I had turkey for seven days. When I came to Jesus I hadn't two cents in my pocket. Now, blessed be God! I've got a clean home, and a carpet and pictures, and I wouldn't be ashamed to ask any lady to come in there; and I've got a clean heart inside too! But I have to watch and pray. Mr. McAuley told me never to go to my bed without praying to the dear Jesus that saves us all, and to pray every morning, and I do. If there's anybody here that don't love Jesus, they can't do better than kneel down and pray to Him. Jesus can save you, and He can take care of you, too."

A German woman, who lives on a gravel scow, says:

"Jesus saves me, too. I was a very bad woman a good many years. I cursed, I sold rum, and I quarreled with everybody. I had a wicked temper. When the fire wouldn't burn in my stove, I kicked it, and I tore up my Bible, which I brought from Germany, to kindle the fire! I was good for nothing when I came in here. But, my dear friends, Jesus has taken me up and forgiven my sins and made me happy. I wouldn't go back on Jesus; not for fifty dollars a week! Jesus gives me more, because He gives me all I need. There's nothing good for me to have that the Lord doesn't give it to me. He gives me my daily bread, and what do we need more? We didn't carry nothing into the world and we can't carry nothing out. One morning we had no bread, and my husband had no work. I went out to look for work. I ought to have taken a pail with me, but I took a basket, and I stood on the corner, and I prayed, "Jesus, help me!" Then I went to Sixth avenue, and a man came up and said: "My good woman, do you want some work?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said: "What have you got a basket for?" "I said, "I don't know; but my husband has no work, and nothing to eat." He said: "Can you

scrub my store?" I said, "Yes, sir." When I got through he filled up my basket with bread and potatoes, and he put on top a leg of mutton, and told me to come to-morrow! Jesus takes care of us. He gives me a good home, and He makes me and my husband happy all the time."

Another woman immediately follows her and says:

"I never take up my Bible without feeling thankful to God for my eyesight. When I first came into this Mission I couldn't read the mottoes on the walls. I went to an eye infirmary, and the doctor told me my left eye must be taken out and a glass one put in, so as to save the other. My husband said it shouldn't be done. He said let's take it to Jesus, and ask Him about it. Well, we did. It was on a Wednesday, and we knelt down and prayed to Jesus that I might receive my sight. We prayed in faith. On Sunday morning I suddenly discovered that I could see the buttons on my husband's shirt-bosom. Glory to God! I put my hand over my right eye, and I could see plainly with the other! Jesus had healed me in answer to prayer. Oh, friends! He is the great physician! Glory be to His name!"

As soon as she takes her seat a hymn is announced:

"The great physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

The man now speaking is a truckman:

"I was once as bad a man as there was in this ward. But I had a praying mother, and God heard her prayers at last, when I got so low that I couldn't help myself. I had plenty of money

once, but I spent it all for rum. When I first came into this Mission I was without a dollar, without a friend, and without a home. I had nothing but hard knocks; but I've got a good home now, and everything I need. I have made some sad falls since I began to serve the Lord, but I trust I have been forgiven."

A young man says:

"I thank the Lord Jesus that He saves me to-night from being in a rum-shop, or down in a ditch with somebody beating my eyes out. He gives me a desire to be with God's people."

Immediately another says, with tears in his eyes:

"When I first came in here I wasn't fit to be seen. I was a perfect wreck. Nobody would have anything to do with me, not even my family. I was such an outcast. But Jesus has saved me, and kept me now nearly two years. What a Saviour that is who takes you up after everybody else has thrown you down! I'm so thankful to Him! I wonder at myself when I think of the change the blessed Jesus has made in me and my home. He has given me a home that's a perfect Heaven on earth!"

Then another young man says:

"I never shall forget the night of October 18th, 1879, when the Lord Jesus gave me a new heart in this room. He has suppressed my appetite for intoxicating drinks. He helps me to resist temptation, and He makes my life all sunshine."

A man, who speaks with difficulty, rises and says:

"I was brought up with the roughest men; there was a gang of twelve of us; three of 'em have been hung. I lived right round here; knew all about sin; never knew anything about God; didn't care. Got up and went to bed every day just the same. Sometimes was cruising round all night. I had a little boy that died. I loved my boy; never loved anything else so much. I felt bad when he died; sat looking at him in the coffin, and

thought about death. Then somebody came along and gave me a little book what told about this Mission. I read two pages of testimonies; I began to think about God. I came here to get that same religion. I've been coming ever since. I was in the house that stood here in '49—a dance house. I was a boy thirteen years old, then. Thank God, I have a Saviour now for twenty-one months. I'm sending my children to school to learn what their father didn't know. I'm fetching up my children in the fear of the Lord."

A man rises and announces himself as a stranger:

"I never was in here before, but going by the door I heard the singing, and thought I'd come in. I believe the Holy Spirit is working in me, and gives me courage to stand up. I had a good, praying mother. I ran away from her nineteen years ago, when I was seventeen years old, and I haven't seen her since. I've been a drinker, and a wanderer all about the world. These testimonies touch my heart. I feel a desire to live a better life. I want to ask you to pray for me that I may be saved."

Prayers are offered on this request; and then we sing:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able, He is willing; doubt no more.

This young man has been well educated:

"I never knew what it was to be poor, until I became a drunkard. I have been a journalist; for several years I was proof-reader in the government printing office at Washington. I lost my position through the use of alcoholic drinks, and when I first came into this room—well, a scare crow, with any respect for his calling, would have blushed at me; would have left his place in the corn field and walked out when he saw me coming!

I had been on a spree for seven weeks; was in rags, houseless, homeless and friendless. I was impressed with the sincerity and earnestness of the testimonies I heard here. I found sympathizing friends here. To-night I rejoice in a Saviour, and have in my heart the evidence of sins forgiven. I am now eight weeks old in the Christian life, and I pray that I may be faithful to the end."

This speaker is a companion of the last. They came to the Mission together, from a rum-shop in Chatham square, where they had spent most of their time; ten of their companions in that place have followed them here, one after the other, and all are living the new life:

"It is now nearly eight weeks since I gave my heart to God; and when I remember all His loving kindness to me, my heart is full. I was a miserable drunkard, cast off by my family, and had no object in life except to get money to spend for liquor. I came here from curiosity one evening, and, being vividly impressed by the testimonies, I went forward when the invitation was given, and on my knees asked God to forgive me for the past. He mercifully heard my prayer. He has taken the desire of strong drink away from me, and given me assurance that I am one of His children. Jesus is very precious to me every day. I ask to be remembered in your prayers."

This speaker is another convert from the same place:

"I shall never forget the night when I first entered that door; all broken up, good for nothing, without hope and without friends. I had been serving the devil for forty-two years. I graduated number one in his school. What did he do for me? He left me without five cents in my pocket! I see some of my old companions standing near the door there now. You needn't drop your heads down; you needn't feel ashamed to be here! It was here I first found hope and encouragement.

"If you will give me an extra minute, I would like to tell a short story connected with my new life:

"About twelve months ago a motherless girl, only fourteen years of age, whose father was a drunken outcast on the streets of New York, became a Christian. Soon after, she called on a Christian lady, and said: 'I have read in the Bible that where two or three are met together in Christ's name, there He is also. I want to ask the privilege to have a prayer meeting in your house every morning before I go to school, to pray for my father; and as God may not know whose father we are praying for, let us repeat his name in every prayer.' For months they prayed, but God did not answer. At last, on the night of the 28th of September, 1879, that father wandered into this Mission, and knelt weeping in penitence, asking God for Christ's sake to pardon his sins. That child was my daughter, and to-night I thank God that I have found the way of salvation."

This man is a marble polisher:

"It will take a long time to tell what Jesus has done for me. It's nigh three and twenty months since I first came into this Mission. I wasn't sober then. I had just stolen the last penny that my wife had in the house. When I came in that door, I thought I was coming into a sing-song place. My oldest girl, eleven years old, never slept on a bed until after I came here. The children laid down on a bundle of rags in the corner and got up ready-dressed in the morning, because they slept in their clothes. You ought to see my wife and children now, if you want to know what a change the religion of Jesus has made in my home. To-night Jesus saves me from being a drunkard, a gambler, and a thief. I thank God that I am now what He intended me to be—an honest laboring man. I can go through the streets to-night a free man in Christ Jesus."

A young man, with smiling face, says:

"I remember St. Paul advises us to have our feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel. That's the way my feet are shod

to-night, and I find its the best preparation to keep me from slipping and falling back into sin. Praise the Lord for the Gospel of salvation!"

A young man who speaks very earnestly, says:

"When I first came in here I was almost dragged up to the front; but I'm glad to come to the front now. I'm so glad this religion is free to all. I'm so glad its as good for the drunkard as for the moral man. When God called Noah to make the ark, he done it just as much for the mosquito as for the elephant. When my mother died I was drunk. I went to look at her dead body. I kissed her cold lips, but I couldn't shed a tear. But when Jesus showed me my heart I could cry. I was in prison, Thanksgiving day a year ago. But now Jesus saves me, and feeds and takes good care of me. Pray for me."

A young man says, with emotion:

"I shall never forget Thanksgiving night, 1879, when I first came in here. I was a drunkard. If I ever had a good thought I took a drink to wash it out. I found friends and the Saviour here. Now I'm drinking from Heaven, and don't thirst any more."

Another rises and says:

"I can testify to-night for Jesus, that His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Another man says:

"When I came into this Mission, two years and eight months ago, I was a poor lost drunkard. I hadn't hardly any shoes on my feet. Now I'm not in want of shoes or anything else. I can't thank the dear Jesus enough for what He has done for me. He gives me peace and joy in my heart all the time."

This man is employed in Jersey City:

"My dear friends, I once led a wild and reckless life. I came

into this Mission three years ago and gave my heart to my Saviour. I erected a family altar in our home. It is a regular little paradise now. We always used to have a fight and tumble down before we went to bed. Now we always have prayers."

His wife rises and says:

"I thank God for the patience He had with me in my wicked life, and for saving me now. I praise His holy name to-night, and I pray that He will always keep me humble."

A young man says:

"I thank God when I think what I am and what I was eleven months ago. After trying repeatedly to save myself, I gave my heart to God and He has made a new man of me. When I started I found the road kind of hard on account of being brought up a Catholic. But I learned to take everything to Jesus, and found Him always ready to hear my prayer. I once had a strong appetite for drink, and I got so I couldn't earn enough to satisfy it, and I became dishonest and had to serve a couple of terms in prison. But I thank God I am a free man now in Christ Jesus."

This young man is in the habit of giving a part of his earnings for the support of the Mission:

"What I am going to say I shall say in no boasting spirit. Just a week ago I was working for a firm in Wall street. They asked me to work for them on Sunday, and when I refused they discharged me. But see how God provides for those that obey Him. I should have been paid $10 a week by the firm. Last night, when my wife and I was going out of the meeting, an old shipmate of mine was shaking hands with my wife and he left a $20 gold piece. So you see we have twenty dollars instead of the ten dollars I should have got. I am sure that the Lord will provide for his children."

This man, about fifty-four years old, has spent more than half his life in eleven different English and American prisons. He says:

"This blessed Jesus saves me from being a thief. My parents were thieves. When I was eight years old I was in the same prison with my mother and aunt. I was transported to Van Diemen's Land for seven years, and I've got on my back the marks of the floggings I received there nigh forty years ago, for trying to run away. I kept on stealing and was sent to Australia for ten years, and when I got out I was stealing again, and they sent me to Gibralter for five years. I was three years in a solitary cell and never came out! God gave me health and strength, and in all the times I was coming out of prison I tried not to steal any more, but I had stealing on the brain. When I came into this Mission, on the 18th day of March, 1878, I was just down from Sing Sing, where I had been doing four years. But God has taken the desire for stealing out of my heart and put a better desire there; and I haven't had a thought to steal since. I am trying to serve God now. I ask an interest in all your prayers."

This man is a porter in a warehouse:

"There is, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; and I am glad to-night to testify that there is no condemnation for me! Jesus Christ is a perfect Saviour. He saves me completely. I feel the truth of that in my heart every day, and we can all have the witness of the Spirit in our hearts at any time if we will only let Jesus give it to us. I thank God that I am not knocking around this ward to-night, as I was three years ago, beating some fellow-man and spending my evenings in lager beer saloons, drinking, and cursing, and taking God's name in vain. O blessed be God for this salvation which is free to all!"

This man, a Swede, has been connected with the Mission's work for several years. He says :

"My youth was spent in smuggling. At the age of fourteen I lost a beloved brother in that nefarious bnsiness, which changed my way of life and sent me to sea from London. I was convicted of sin while on board the ship 'Black Adder,' in Shanghai river, after I had challenged a man to fight. God's Holy Spirit touched me and I resolved to lead a better life. After three months the Lord sweetly forgave me while I was working ballast in the ship's hold, at Hong Kong, and to-night he saves me."

The testimonies are ended by the singing of a hymn :

"More holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense in His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

"More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for his sorrows,
More pain at his grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief."

THE INVITATION.

WHEN the time has come for the testimonies to end, Mr. McAuley addresses the audience, giving an invitation to all persons who are tired of sin and want to live a better life, and to all backsliders, to stand up, and come forward towards the platform for prayers:

"We're going to have prayers now. Don't you want to be saved to-night? Who'll stand up for prayers? There's one; there's two; three; there's another! Don't be afraid to stand up. It don't make any difference what kind of clothes you've got on. Satan is telling some of you not to do it. He holds you back. I tell you, Satan is no friend of yours. He goes round putting up all sorts of jobs on sinners; and he makes it pretty hot sometimes. You can't get the best of him! You've got to call upon the Lord for assistance, if you want to get rid of your bad habits, and you've got to keep asking for it till He gives it. He won't be long about it. 'Ask and you shall receive,' is what He says. We need His help, every soul of us, great and small. When I see people who think themselves smart and cunning, dabbling in sin and forgetting God, I wonder they aint suddenly snapped off, squelched just where they are! They all need help. Put 'em all in a bag—the rich sinners and the poor sinners—and shake 'em up, do you think there'd be any difference in 'em when they came out?

"You hear some people saying the Bible is a sham, and religion is all a hoax. Well, it may be to them, but its God's power to me. Yes! Look at me, friends! Once, I was a loafer and a rough. Never knew what it was to be contented and happy. Head on me like a mop; big scar across my nose all the time!

I had an old red shirt, and a hat that looked as if it had been hauled up out of a tar pot! If I had a coat, it was one of the kind with the cuffs up here to the elbows! split open in the back! Latest style! D'ye see? You couldn't find any drunken rowdy on the corner worse looking than I was. I cursed God! I held up my hands and cursed Him for giving me existence. Why had He put me in a hell on earth? Why had He made me a thief and a drunkard, while He gave other people wealth and pleasure? And then I suddenly thought that He had done none of those things. It was I that brought myself to what I was! Yes, I did it myself! I made myself a drunkard and a thief, and then went and accused God of it! O God is good, my friends! He is wise! He is merciful! If you want common sense—and who don't—ask Him for it!

"Some people say 'Ah, I'm too bad; God wouldn't give me a show.' That's all a mistake! He can save the vilest sinner! God will take what the devil would almost refuse! The very worst people are welcome to Him. Didn't He save the thief on the cross? I knew a man who came here into this place to lick another for saying 'Jesus saves me.' Well, Jesus saved that very man himself. He came looking for a fight here, but the fight was all knocked out of him! God did it. He went away like a cur trembling in a sack, and he became a good Christian man, and he's a Christian now. That's the way it is. Jesus is willing to save every one who asks him honestly to do it.

"My friends, I want to tell you that it pays to serve Jesus. He's a good friend. I used to hang round that rum-shop on the corner; and they were glad enough to have me there as long as my money lasted. But when that was gone—'Jerry! take a walk! Take a walk around the block and cool off!' I felt the insult down in my heart. It stung me. But I couldn't help it;

I was such a slave to my appetite. I hadn't a friend in the world. But I can tell you its not so now! I have had friends and everything I need since I began to love and serve Jesus. Just look at me! Do I look like a fraud now? I'm a new creature, inside and out! I'm honest, I'm clean, and respected, and happy! Why, those rich rum-sellers over there respect me now. They call me Mr. McAuley! 'Good-morning, Mister McAuley!' They are very polite! D' ye see? I can go into a bank now, and the president will ask me into his private office, while the big guns have to stand outside! 'Sit down, sir; what can I do for you?' And then he'll take me round and introduce me to the cashier! Ha! twelve years ago if he'd seen me coming into his bank he'd set the dogs on me, or sent for a policeman to run me out! 'Fraid I'd steal all the money! Can't you see what the religion of Jesus has done for me? I tell you, the religion of Jesus makes a wonderful change in a man. I've got good friends, and a good home, and a good wife. And I've got money in my pocket, besides a clean heart full of joy and peace! The blessed Jesus has done it all. Do you want to know how to get those things? The Bible says how—'Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all those things shall be added unto you.'

"There was a time when I'd cut a man's throat for a five dollar bill, and kick him overboard! Do you suppose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not? 'Cause I've got the grace of God in my heart! Jesus saves me, and He can save any man. There's not a poor homeless fellow here to-night that isn't welcome to salvation. Jesus says, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' And the Bible says, 'He tasted death for every man.' Yes! Jesus died for every poor fellow that hasn't got any home or friends to-night! Won't you come to Him and let Him save you? Won't you come now?"

THE ACCEPTANCE.

NOW some of the converts canvass the assembly and encourage every one to come forward for prayers who is inclined to do so, while all stand up and unite in singing a penitential hymn:

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—poor, weary, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—Thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come."

All kneel down while one or two prayers are offered. Then each of the new comers is asked to pray for him-

self. On such occasions fifteen or twenty poor miserable men may sometimes be seen on their knees—a position in which most of them were never seen before.

Look at them, and you will notice that some are ragged and utterly destitute of every personal comfort. Some are sailors belonging to foreign ships in port; some are colored men; some are street idlers without an occupation or a home; some are laborers along shore; some are educated men whom rum has reduced to the condition of vagabonds. One or two have been in the Mission before, have professed the name of Jesus, but losing hold of Him through neglect of prayer, have fallen under temptation, and now, in penitence, they desire to return to the Saviour. Some of the men are fifty and sixty years old. One has been here who said that he was fifty-two years old, and had passed thirty-five years of his life in prisons! His face confirmed his statement—bare, emotionless, dull; and his cold, deep-set eyes seemed to be looking off through the slits of prison bars as if they might possibly find a strip of sunlight to rest upon. Perhaps one or two are partly intoxicated. Men have come into the meeting in that condition, and have gone out at its close made perfectly sober by the grace of God. Is this doubted? "Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." (Matthew, 19 : 26.)

The principal feeling in most of the men who have come forward for prayers, is a sickly dissatisfaction with themselves. They are unhappy; they have found sin to be a burden; they are tired of it, and some of them have an honest desire to find that salvation which they have heard spoken of in the testimonies of the evening, as being able to make them happy, and clean, and respectable.

Possibly one of them, whose clothing is thin rags, has assumed this position of penitence in the hope of getting a night's lodging, or some other favor. Poor fellow! It is not for us to bid him stand aside. Let the Searcher of all hearts judge him. A man who appeared to be of that sort was recently here on his knees, and was more in earnest to find the Saviour than he seemed to be to human eyes. Although he was a ragged, intemperate outcast, he did not ask to be given, what he needed, a night's lodging; but went out of the Chapel to wander through the wintry streets until morning. At daylight he stood over the grating in front of a baker's shop to catch the warm air that came up from the ovens, when a man approached and asked him to "come and take a drink." He refused the invitation which, the day before, he would have accepted eagerly; and the stranger then gave him ten cents with which he bought a breakfast. The next evening this

poor man came to the Mission meeting again; and now he is one of those who love to testify of the saving power of the Lord.

While these men are on their knees they are requested in turn to pray for themselves. To this some of them reply, "I can't!" "I don't know how!" "I never prayed in my life!" "I can't pray in English!" But when told that Jesus understands all languages, and that prayer is only asking Him sincerely for what they most want, and that if the heart is right and honest the words are of little importance, because He looks at the heart and not at the lips, they exclaim, sometimes sobbing: "O God, save me!" "O God, have mercy upon me, a sinner!" "O God, take away my appetite for rum!" "O Jesus, I have been a very bad man, I want to do right; help me!" "O Lord, scratch out my sins, and keep them scratched out!" "Make my bed in Heaven, O Lord!" "O Lord, forgive the past of my life; and bless my aged mother, to-night, who don't know where I am!"

Others not knowing what to say have repeated something which was taught them in childhood by religious parents. Evidences of early religious instruction are often revealed by the suppliants, on these occasions, even by men who have become gray-haired in sin. Among the wretched men who for the first time

prayed for themselves, was one who repeated the Lord's Prayer, another repeated a part of the Apostles' Creed, and another said :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

These words—reminiscences of a time, long ago, when a loving mother watched over him, and prayed for him—may be supposed to represent what the man in his penitence wanted to say, but did not know how.

The result of these meetings is thus constantly illustrating the truth that every man is a sinner, and that Jesus is the only Saviour, and that He is able and willing to save immediately the vilest wretch who comes, like the leper, "beseeching Him, and kneeling down to Him, and saying unto Him, If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." (Mark, 1 : 40.)

HOLDING ON.

IF any one asks, respecting the Mission converts, "Do these men hold on?" the answer is, that as all from any class who are saved, are saved from the same estate of sin and misery, and as human nature and the operations of Divine Grace in its regeneration, are exactly the same in Water street as elsewhere, a convert in this Mission is just as likely to be preserved in the Faith as one converted anywhere else.

But there are some things which imperil the safety of the converts, and by reason of which they are liable to fall once, twice, and perhaps many times, before they get a secure footing upon the Rock of Salvation. One of these is the fact, that the circumstances of their social life are generally hostile to their spiritual improvement, and it is sometimes very difficult to get free from them. Another is, that they are compelled sometimes to abandon the occupation which they have always followed for a livelihood, on account of the sin or temptation involved in it, and to seek and wait a long time for another. This is a great discouragement to those who are just beginning a Christian life.

Here are extracts from letters received from some of the Mission converts.

The writer of the first was a profane sailor, and was

once in the habit of amusing himself by standing on a street corner near the Mission Chapel, and insulting sailors who passed him on their way to the meetings. One evening he chanced to come in. He was fastened to his seat by what he heard. He trembled under a conviction of sin, and before the meeting was ended he was on his knees penitently seeking forgiveness from the Saviour of sinners.

... "Every evening since we left New York, we have had a meeting on board the brig. Blow high or blow low it makes no difference. The Lord Jesus is here all the passage. Our earnest cry is to the Lord for the conversion of souls in the port of Cardenas. Every evening our ship has been full, and we are very happy, and every day our prayers go up for you and all the meetings at 316 Water street. Christmas evening we had a splendid meeting. The cabin was full. Sailors were standing up for prayers, wishing to become Christians. Glory be to Jesus! This is all we preach in this port—Christ has died for our sins. Sunday, had a glorious time aboard this brig. The power of God was here. A mate of some vessel stood up and wished to become a Christian. He says he had been a miserable man, and he remembered his mother's prayers. He says he never felt so good as he does now. We gave him some books and tracts. The cabin was crowded, and we had a good time, and hope to carry these meetings to God's honor and glory."

And here is an extract from a letter, written from Liverpool by a Boston boy, a sailor in the crew of one of the Black Ball packet ships:

... "You will remember I was not long converted to our dear Saviour before I sailed from New York, and O! how I bless

God that He ever led my footsteps into 316 Water street: for there I found sweet peace in Jesus, who has kept me ever since. The first night out from port I was greatly troubled how to make my position known to my shipmates, who were all strangers to me, and more or less under the influence of liquor. But having resolved to serve God, I would not turn back; so when my watch went below at eight o'clock, while my shipmates were getting ready to turn in, I silently lifted my heart to God in prayer to direct me right. I then told them it was my wish to pray to God before going to sleep. To my great surprise there was not a laugh or a sneer, as I expected; but there was perfect silence in the forecastle while I, in humble thankfulness, asked God to watch over us on the voyage. And so you see how God gave me the victory. I never let a night pass without reading from God's Holy Word, and praying with my shipmates. I was always listened to with great attention, and I feel that I have tried to set a good example to all on board this ship."

A steam-boat engineer writes from Philadelphia:

... "I have been thinking of God's mercy to me, more than usual, and thanking Him that I am out of hell. And what brings me to realize these mercies more fully is, that a companion of mine, on Monday morning, was borne to a drunkard's grave. He was only thirty-three years old, a dear, good, warm-hearted soul, but the accursed rum was his ruin; and only for the Grace of God, I should be a drunkard this afternoon."

Here is an extract from a letter of a young English sailor, written after he had reached home, in Sussex:

... "I must tell you a little about our trip across. There was a deal of cursing and swearing aboard the ship, but the same blessed Jesus which kept me safe in New York, has been watching over me ever since. We had some bad weather after we left. The ship was leaky and we could not work the pumps; we all thought the ship would go down. I went forward and asked God

to save us and help us to get the pumps to work, and I thank Him that He heard and answered my prayer; and I thank God for guiding my steps to your Mission. We got to Queenstown safe, but after we left there we struck on a rock off the Scilly Islands, and the ship went down. But God, in His great goodness and mercy, spared our lives again. How thankful we ought to be to Him who has watched over us; and the only desire of my heart is to serve Him, and, by God's help, I am resolved to do so. I must ask you all to remember me in your prayers, that I may keep on, in this life, serving that blessed Jesus."

This is an extract from a letter written from Demerara, South America, by a sailor convert:

... "After a safe arrival at this city, I have the privilege to inform you that God has been with me. My heart is full of God's protecting love, and everything seems to go along good because I left it all with Jesus, and He preserveth the simple who humbleth himself."

The following is from a sailor convert, written at the Cape Verde Islands, while on a whaling cruise:

... "We had a passage of 33 days, and it has been the happiest passage that ever I made. I thank God for His loving kindness to me. He saves me from swearing, from drinking, from gambling, and my constant prayer is that He will save me from everything that is bad, and make me fit for His kingdom. I am the only one on board this ship, out of about 30 men, who is trying to serve the Lord. I have a hard fight to do so, but I am, by the help of God, determined to be a true Christian, no matter what I have to contend with. I was never so happy in my life, as what I was the last time I was at the Mission, to see how friendly I was treated. I never shall cease thinking of those two sisters that came and shook hands with me, and said they would pray for me while I was away. It was the first kind parting words that I had received since I left my own home. I thank God for the time I first set foot in your Mission. It has made a

happy young man of me. We sail to-day for the South Shetland Islands, where there will be no other human beings but ourselves, so I will not have the privilege to enter a house of God till I arrive back to New York."

This is from a sailor convert, at Darien, Georgia :

... " I have been tempted many times since I last saw you. Once I yielded. It grieves me very much to write it, but I cannot deceive you. I felt that I was a greater sinner than ever I was before. I thought of the good counsel you gave me, and I prayed to God without any excuse. Oh, I was guilty, and I prayed for pardon until the blessed Saviour came and forgave me. I could not begin to write you how much more I love everybody, and how much happier I have been since I have learned to love Jesus, and to trust Him."

This is from a sailor convert, at Tampico, Mexico :

... " Since I left New York I have been to Jamaica, and from there I came here. I can say, since I gave my heart to God, I am a changed man. I have been happy in Jesus ever since. I find much pleasure in reading my Bible and praying to God. Not a day has passed yet but I have prayed to God once, and some days three or four times. The more I pray the better I feel. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

A sailor, writing from Savannah, says :

... " Christmas day was the first that I have been to a church ashore for 14 years. It was raining all day. I thank Jesus that He has enabled me to be steadfast when very nigh all that I am acquainted with must have their Christmas. But they got sore heads, and I am sure some of them sore hearts for it. I see things as I never have seen them before, and I do thank God for Salvation that is able to keep me, no matter what others may do or what time of the year it may be."

An English sailor, writing from London, says :

... " I exchanged with an old shipmate, after I left you, for

his chance in a vessel going to Antwerp, at which port we arrived last Friday, and I came straight on here to break the news, of my having found Jesus, to my dear mother. I found her in very good health, and much comforted by the all-sustaining power above, in her many hours of anxiety concerning her sailor son. I hope your meetings are well attended, and that the number of converts is increasing every evening. I shall never forget the day when I first heard of the Mission, and curiosity prevailed upon me to peep into one of the meetings. Remember me in your prayers, that I may be able to speak for Jesus in whatever part of the world I may be."

A seaman, on the United States light-house tender "Dahlia," at Detroit, writes:

.. "Having attended the Mission meetings, at 316 Water street, for about two years, I still feel an interest in them, although it is more than a year since I have been there. I have not forgotten the friendly shake of the hand, at the close of the service, as we passed out the door; and Mrs. McAuley's voice, saying: 'Come in to-morrow night,' is still sounding in my ears. I thank God it was my privilege to tend those good meetings, as they have been a great blessing to me. They made me stronger to battle the hardships of this life."

The following letter to the Mission, is signed by two foremast hands on a ship from New York for France:

... "We write these few lines to you hoping it will find you well, as it leaves us; thank God for it! I am very sorry that we could not get ashore to attend the meeting, to-night. I hope you will keep the meetings up till we return again, and we hope that none of our friends will go back; and I hope you will remember us in your prayers. We expect to sail to-morrow, and we are very sorry that we have got to leave, and we will try to keep our promise. So we must now conclude."

This is from a German sailor just going to sea:

... "I am going to sea this morning, in the bark Alma of Danzig; home to Stettin, the place where I belong. I hope you all will pray for me that the Lord will save me and keep me till I see home. And I thank God that I ever came into your Mission. I know Jesus saves me from all my sins. I will write to you as soon as I get home."

The writer of this was a poor peddler in the street, converted in the Mission. He writes from Vermont:

... "I have not done as well as I expected to when I started from New York; the times are so hard. I want you to pray for me, that I may be faithful and true to my blessed Master. There is not a day passes over me but that I pray for the Mission."

A woman, who was reformed and converted in the Mission, writes from Eureka, California:

... "I have had many severe trials since I wrote you last. I had just bought a little house for my home. But at 12 o'clock, on the night of April the 18th, it burnt down, and everything in it was burnt. Still I know the Lord is my shepherd—I shall not want, and I feel the truth of those words to-day more than ever. I want you to know that this is a glorious mission field. I would say that a prayer meeting once a week, with shut doors, hardly any singing, will not attract many away from the dance, and song, and gambling-house. I have united with a church here, and do what I can to sow good seed; but it seems as nothing, the weeds are so rank. I always pray for your Mission, as it was the place where God spoke peace to my soul."

The following is copied from a letter written from Singapore, East Indies, to the Mission by two sailors, in the crew of an American bark.

... "Soon after leaving New York we had a very heavy

storm from the West'ard, and it lasted three days. The seas running mountains high, our fore yard and fore and main topsail yards carried away, our sails blew clean out of the bolt-rope, and, worse than all, our ship sprung aleak. When we sounded her we found that there was three feet six inches of water in her; and we could not get a chance to pump her, because she was taking over green seas all through the storm, and we were washed around the decks in all sorts of shapes. The for'ard house got stove, and the galley, so we had to put into Saint Thomas, West Indies, for repairs. We had a long spell of fine weather after leaving St. Thomas until we got off the Cape of Good Hope, where got hove to for about three weeks and sprung our rudder. So then we had to put into Port Lewis, Mauritius. And sailed again for the third time for Singapore, where we arrived on the 27th of September, making a passage of 225 days from New York.

"We have a good deal of temptation to put up with to keep along in the right way. But I can assure you that we have kept ourselves as well as any one could expect, with the help of God, which He is always willing to do for those that believe in Him. I have felt very happy from the time that I came into your meeting-house, and do believe that Jesus has been with me ever since. I felt light-hearted all through the storm, thinking within myself that I had commenced to do that which every living man ought to try and do: to follow Jesus, our blessed Saviour."

Such letters come to the Mission every month, from some part of the world. They help to show the sincerity with which these people confess the name of Jesus everywhere. Through their earnest words, and Christian lives, the Mission has become known and its influence felt in every quarter of the globe.

TESTIMONIES OF DYING CONVERTS.

William H. Fitzmaurice, a man about thirty years of age, was walking in Water street, one evening in March, 1877, looking for employment as a card-dealer in some faro-bank or gambling-den. He had been a successful gambler, had kept a faro-bank, had dealt every game known to his craft, had accumulated money and lost it, and was now poor and destitute of everything but skill in his wicked profession. He noticed the lantern burning over the door of the Mission House, and asked his companion:

"What light is that?"

"That's Jerry McAuley's prayer meeting," was the reply; "Let's go in and see the fools give themselves away!"

He concluded not to go in. But when he reached his lodging-place he found himself thinking about that lantern. Its light seemed to burn into his thoughts. It was so the next day, and in the evening his curiosity led him to go alone to the Mission meeting. He took a seat near the door and listened to the testimonies given by converted sinners, some of whom had been men of his class and acquaintance. When he went to bed that night he was troubled in his mind. The next morning a man came to him, and proposed to

advance three hundred dollars for a game if he would deal the cards and divide the profits. For the first time in his life, he refused to have anything more to do with that kind of business.

That night he went again to the Mission, and before the meeting closed he came forward and asked to be prayed for. Here he found the Saviour, and soon he began to confess Jesus boldly before men. He attended the Mission meetings every evening, rejoicing in his Saviour, and exhorting sinners to come to Christ, until about the middle of April, when he was prostrated by illness. His disease was consumption of the lungs; and, during the remainder of his life, it was the duty and privilege of the Mission to do what it could to provide for his wants and contribute to his comfort.

As his body wasted away his faith in Jesus grew stronger. He wished to live only for the purpose of serving the Lord; but he felt ready to die at any time when it should please the Lord to call him. From his bed he wanted to send a message to the Mission. This was his message, which he slowly uttered and which was written down, word for word, from his lips:

"Tell them I am stronger in the faith. I am nearer to Jesus. I know He is constantly with me. I thank God that He directed my steps to that Mission—after leading such a wild and reckless life—that He did not take me off in my sins. Tell them I wouldn't give up my present happy feelings in exchange for

health, and all the money this world can produce. I know that when I go, I will go to Heaven. God answers my prayers—every one of them. I am sure of it. I have got that strong faith that I know it. He has given me friends and all that is good for me. I send my love to them. I pray for those meetings every day. Was'nt it a blessed thing that I went down there? Just think of it!"

Although suffering from weakness and pain, he waited patiently and with unfaltering trust for the time of his departure. August, 1877, he entered into his rest.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Ellen Rollins was living in the large tenement opposite the Mission House, in 1874, with her two children —six years and four years old. Her husband was absent at sea most of the time. She was a Romanist, and a drunkard, and looked upon the Mission with hatred; as did most of her neighbors. The children had frequently heard the singing in the Mission meetings, and being attracted by it, they came to the door-keeper and asked to be permitted to come in. They were so much interested that they continued to come for several evenings, when the mother, learning where they were, appeared at the door, called them out, and seizing them by the hair, struck them for visiting the Chapel.

One day the children came over and said that their mother was very sick, and that the neighbors would not do anything for her. She was found lying drunk upon the floor, suffering "the horrors," and the people in the house, who were of her own kind, were utterly indifferent to her condition. She was kindly ministered to by the Mission, and got well; but fell again into drunkenness. Her husband, coming back from sea and finding her in this wretched state, and all her money wasted, turned her and her children out of doors.

It was a cool, clear night in October, and the mother and children went upon the roof of the house to sleep. The air was so cold that they were at a loss what to do to protect themselves.

"I know a good place," said the oldest child, "where we can go to sleep, and they won't turn us out."

"Where is it?" the mother asked.

"Over there, in that Mission!"

At eleven o'clock that night the two children, leading their mother, applied at the Mission House for shelter, and were taken in. Some food was prepared for them and a bed arranged for them upon the floor. The next morning they were placed at the breakfast table, and treated with such consideration and tenderness that the woman felt compelled to express regret for her former hatred of the Mission.

She went back to her home, and after a few days she began to come unsolicited to the meetings. At first she came disguised with a shawl over her head, so that the other tenants of the building in which she lived might not recognize her going in at the Chapel door. But after a while she began to come boldly across the street with her children, singing the songs of Redemption, for she had found Jesus, the Saviour. Then she brought her husband to the meetings, and both became humble and steadfast Christians.

Not long after their conversion she became very ill, with no prospect of recovery. She was able occasionally to come to a meeting. Then she always stood up and testified that Jesus had saved her from her sins, and given her a hope of eternal life in Heaven. When she could not come, she crawled upon her hands and knees to her window to look at the people, praying that the Lord would send many into the meeting and save them.

Her sickness was long and painful. As death drew near, she exhibited perfect peace and resignation to her Heavenly Father's will. By her example she taught to others the true Christian life. "Last night," she said, "I was dreaming of being in great pain and trouble; but I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'Fear not! Lo, I am with you!'" She said, "I have had delightful communion with God, since I have lain on this

bed. I am waiting to go to Him. I do not need any priest. I am washed clean in the precious blood of Jesus. I am ready to go just as I am, trusting in Him, my Saviour." October, 1877, she entered into the presence of the Lord.

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality."

Elizabeth Boyd, of Williamsburgh, was a beautiful girl, twenty years of age, who had attended Sabbath schools and received religious instructions, but who never gave her heart to the Lord until August, 1877, when she came to the Mission, where her father had been converted only a short time previous. The condition of her health prevented her from attending the meetings frequently, but she was always ready to testify of her love to the Saviour when present. As winter approached she fell seriously ill with consumption, and it was soon afterwards found that the disease could not be checked. She learned from her mother that probably she would not get well; but she said at once: "Mother, I am glad you told me, for I am not afraid of death. I love Jesus. I am ready and willing to die."

When a friend who visited her asked: "Lizzie, is

your Saviour with you?" her beautiful face was immediately illuminated with an assurance that was unmistakable, as she replied, "O, yes! what should I do without Him?"

She suffered a great deal from pain and emaciation; but she often remarked that she found comfort in reading the 22d and 23d chapters of the Gospel by St. Luke, which showed her the patient sufferings of the Saviour, and taught her to be patient and resigned under her own. She frequently consoled herself, as she lay in her bed, by repeating the words of the 23d Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

While confined to her bed, her feelings continued to be as much interested as ever in the Mission, and her father was always required, when he returned from a Mission meeting, to sit down and tell her who was there, and what the testimonies were, and if any sinners were saved.

She talked about dying as familiarly as any one talks about business. On the Monday of January, 1878, on which she died, when her father went to her bedside to say good-bye, as was his custom before leaving for his daily work, she said: "I may not see you again; when you come home to-night I may be gone to my

heavenly home; I want you to promise me that you will continue to live so that you may meet me in Heaven; for I am going there." When she felt that death was near, she called her mother, and gave all her little trinkets away to her companions. She raised herself up in bed, and said: "O, mother; must it not be beautiful over there! I am thirsty; but it will not be long before I shall be where there is no more thirst. The Lord is good! The Lord is good! I am going home to Him!" And so she fell asleep in Jesus.

"Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting."

Elizabeth Wilson O'Neil—whose sweet voice as a singer in the Mission choir cannot be easily forgotten—died in March, 1879. Her cheerful disposition and her tender regard for the feelings of others had endeared her to all who knew her. When, after an illness of two months, she realized that death would soon release her from her sufferings, she talked calmly about her readiness to go, and waited patiently for the time to come.

Any ordinary conversation at her bedside troubled her. She preferred that her friends should read the Bible to her, and talk about Jesus. She spoke of her

affection for the Mission, where she had learned to love the Saviour; and when, by reason of her weakness, she was scarcely able to sit up, she said: "My feet are swelling; I fear I can never go to the Mission again and testify of the loving kindness of my Saviour."

When one whom she very much esteemed came to see her, she took his hand and said, with a smile: "I am going to Heaven before you." Her babe was baptized at her bedside; then she partook of the sacrament in remembrance of her Saviour's death, which was administered by the pastor of the Mariners' Church; and expressing desires that her mother and her brothers might be won to the Lord by her death, she peacefully entered into her eternal rest.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears:
Only a few more trials;
Only a few more tears!

"Jesus, my heart's dear refuge;
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience;
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore."

THE THIEF.

THOSE who attend the meetings at the Mission Chapel, learn that sinners can be saved instantly, from sin and its consequences, by accepting the terms of Salvation offered in the Gospel. The instantaneous conversion of the penitent thief, in the hour of crucifixion, is narrated in the New Testament, as follows:

"And with Jesus they crucify two thieves; the one on His right hand, and the other on His left" (Mark, 15:27). "And one of the malefactors railed on Him, saying: 'If thou be Christ, save Thyself and us!' But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying: 'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we, indeed, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.'

"And he said unto Jesus: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.'

"And Jesus said unto him: 'To-day, shalt thou be with me in Paradise!'"—(Luke, 23:39 to 43.)

As Jesus began his earthly life by saving sinners, so His last merciful act, before He expired upon the Cross, was to save, on the instant, the penitent thief. "Dost not thou fear God?" said this thief to his reviling companion. He had himself already begun to fear God. That was the first sign of his repentance. The suffering innocence of the Saviour, who was hanging between them, led him to confess his own sins by admitting the

justness of the punishment they both were suffering. Then he acknowledged Jesus, who "hath done nothing amiss." He believed that Jesus was suffering—"the Just for the unjust." As he looked at the dying Son of God, faith filled his heart, and turning his head to Jesus he prayed, with intense feeling, "Lord! Remember me!" Instantly the compassionate Saviour, who "was wounded for our transgressions," answered that sincere prayer, and said: "To-day, shalt thou be with me in Paradise!"

Thus a thief, penitent for his sins, asked Jesus for mercy and instantly received it. So it may be with any sinner, however vile. Jesus has promised that "he that heareth my word, and believeth in Him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

THE DRUNKARD.

SOME of the converts of the Mission have always been temperate men, even when they were criminals. Many others have been wretched drunkards.

The teaching of the Mission is that drunkenness is a sin, and that all sins stand alike before God. What does the Bible say about it?

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, DRUNKENNESS, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (Galatians, 5: 19, 20, 21.)

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, ... nor thieves, . . . nor DRUNKARDS . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Corinthians, 6: 9, 10.)

Drunkenness is not the worst sin. But it is the parent of all sins. It suggests all sins. No personal pledge, no unaided human will can rescue any man or woman from its power, or from the power of any sin. The only hope for one who has been a drunkard, as for one who has been in the habit of practicing other sins, is in a constant reliance upon the Lord Jesus for strength to resist temptation; and when the converted man ceases

to seek for and depend upon that strength, he falls, and becomes a backslider.

The appetite for drunkenness, like the appetite for theft, or the appetite for lust, or idolatry, or covetousness, or envy, or hatred, or evil-speaking, or any secret or presumptuous sin, can be suppressed and held in check by the power of Jesus. These men know, by their own experience and observation, that sin is not eradicated from their nature by conversion. They are taught that they must watch and pray—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matt. 26: 41)—that those who constantly look to Jesus for help will have no desire to seek temptation, and will have strength to overcome it when its presence is unavoidable.

It usually happens that men and women become drunkards by trying to be moderate drinkers, and failing in the attempt. These moderate drinkers cannot be easily moved. To them wine has not yet become a mocker, nor has strong drink become a madness (Proverbs, 20: 1). They are yet living in decent society; they have not yet lost their reputation; they have not yet come to poverty; they are not yet clothed in rags (Proverbs, 23: 21); and they have not yet experienced the horrors of "delirium tremens."

To break away from this slavery requires as-

sistance from a power more than human. The victim can only escape from it by the merciful aid of the Lord Jesus. Nine out of ten drunkards fail in every attempt to reform, which is made without seeking this heavenly aid. Men who trust in themselves alone, and who have abstained from drink for many years, have become intemperate, and died drunkards; never having learned to trust in the power of the Grace of God to save them. Others who have been drunkards may, with a strong and resolute will, hold their appetite in check for a while. But they are never sure of themselves. If they see on the street that colored light which burns over the rum-shop door, they must turn aside and go by another way, lest in passing they be drawn in. When such persons have the Grace of God in their hearts, they can, with the sincere prayer "Jesus, help me!" go by those gates of hell without an inclination to enter them.

A drunkard who desires to be reformed must exercise all the energy there is in his own will to that end, and at the same time trust prayerfully in God for the needed strength. But he must not expect that in all cases the old sinful appetite will be immediately or entirely eradicated.

Does this mean that no drunkard can conquer his old appetite by reliance on divine grace? No, it means

that to conquer or successfully resist an appetite, is one thing; and to have that appetite entirely obliterated, so that it can never be revived, is a different thing. God gave St. Paul the strength to successfully resist and fight down his lusts; but God never took sinful lusts so entirely out of St. Paul that he had nothing left to fight (Romans, 7: 18–23). Precisely so does God impart to a truly converted inebriate, the divine strength to keep under his sinful appetite for alcohol; while, at the same time, he may often be reminded of the necessity of earnestly praying: "Lead us not into temptation."

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour."

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

DURING a long voyage, in a good ship, with twenty-eight men before the mast, there was a man at the wheel, steering the ship, every moment, day and night. Every man, except the officers, was in his turn, two hours at a time during the whole voyage, the man at the wheel. Every two hours the man at the wheel was relieved by a shipmate, who knew when it came his turn to take the place. The man at the wheel would say to the man who relieved him, to what point of the compass he must steer; the man taking his place must repeat the words given to him: "South-west-by-south-half-south."

The compass stands directly in front of the wheel; the binnacle lamp shines upon the compass, which shows the way the ship must be headed. If winds or currents set the ship off her course, the man at the wheel endeavors to get her back as near to it as possible.

Going on deck at midnight; there is the silent man at the wheel. Coming up to see the sunrise; there is the man at the wheel, still watching the compass and looking ahead. If you venture on deck, curious to see the swelling ocean, you find the man at the wheel. The sea runs high, the wave looks down upon you as though it would swallow you up: "Meet her," cries the mate;

the man at the wheel swings the bowsprit in the teeth of the billow; you go up to the heavens, then down again into the deep.

In a calm, the ship lazily rolling on the long swells of the sea, the sails slatting, the officers watching for a wind; there stands the motionless man at the wheel. When the ship is lying-to in a gale, riding as snugly as an albatross on the furious billows, and the over-worked crew has gone below to rest; there stands the man at the wheel. During divine service in the cabin, on pleasant Sunday mornings, one man is always absent: the man at the wheel. If you start in your sleep during the night, you instantly think: There is at least one who is awake: the man at the wheel. Not until port is reached, and the order is given "Let go the anchor," does he desert the wheel for a moment.

One cannot see himself, thus continually kept on his course over the ocean, without being reminded that if he is a child of God, he has the Lord Jesus as the man at the wheel to his soul, as truly as at every moment of a voyage he has a man at the wheel of his ship. Without presumption, but with the utmost confidence, with full assurance of faith, every one who loves God may say to the Saviour: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory" (Psalm, 73: 24). He may be as confident of the incessant guidance of his

soul by Jesus, as the passenger over the sea is of the perpetual service of a man at the wheel.

Suppose, that instead of having twenty-eight men aboard the ship, taking turn, each of them two hours at a time, to steer me across the globe, the service were done by one man alone, who should be my steersman, standing every moment at the wheel, buffeted by the gale, pelted by the rain, scorched by the sun, straining every sense in the dark nights to do his duty. When I should see the anchor dropped in the desired haven, I could not part with that man without unutterable emotions. Yet here I am on the voyage of life, with One at the wheel who has been there from my infancy to the present hour, to whom I may with joyful confidence say: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee."

Light in the darkness, Sailor, day is at hand!
So o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's land.
Drear was the voyage, Sailor, now almost o'er;
Safe within the life-boat, Sailor, pull for the shore!
Pull for the shore, Sailor! pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar.
Safe in the life-boat, Sailor, cling to self no more;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore!

THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

of the Mission, was celebrated on Sunday afternoon and evening, December 7th, 1879. Long before the hour of each meeting, the Chapel was filled to its utmost capacity. Among the friends of the Mission present, were Messrs. Francis A. Palmer, William E. Dodge, Jr., James Talcott, Morris K. Jesup, Samuel E. Hiscox, Sidney Whittemore, Lewis E. Jackson, A. S. Hatch, R. Fulton Cutting, William Bayard Cutting, S. Otis Livingston, William H. Garner, Thurlow Weed, George Alger, Alonzo Alford, Richard Taylor, George Sperling, E. H. Pendleton of Cincinnati, Lewis P. Tibbals, David Blake, Levi M. Bates, L. W. Partridge, Tunis C. Bergen, John B. Gough.

Mr. Francis A. Palmer presided, and commenced the services by prayer and reading from the Bible, which he followed by a short address. A half hour was then occupied by converts of the Mission, old and young, who gave their testimonies, telling the story of their redemption in a few simple and sincere words. Mr. William R. Bliss then presented the Annual Report:

The receipts of the Mission during the year, from October 1st, 1877, to October 1st, 1878, were $2,354 78. The expenses, during the same year, were $2,347 45.

The expenses of the Mission during the year, from October 1st, 1878, to October 1st, 1879, were $2,391 28. The receipts at the Mission House during the same period, were $703 19. The deficiency to meet the expenses was collected by the Treasurer. The balance of cash on hand, December 1st, 1879, was $21 64.

In addition to the sum of $2,400, which will be needed

for the current expenses of the Mission this year, there will be required $600 for extensive repairs—costing $518—which it has been necessary to make throughout the Mission House, and for certain incidental expenses.

The Mission, which is a corporation under the laws of the State of New York, owns its Mission House, a three story brick building, 24 feet by 65 feet in dimensions, and the lot upon which it stands. It also owns a vacant lot, 18 feet by 75 feet, adjoining the building. This property was acquired with money given for the purpose, at various times, by different persons. The cost of it was $14,985 44, as follows:

The two lots of land.....	$7,500 00
The building and furniture, (including the materials given, valued at $492 17)....	7,425 44
	$14,985 44

The title of this property is vested in the Trustees of the Mission. There is no mortgage or lien of any kind upon it. There was for some time a mortgage of $4,000 on the real estate, and also a floating debt of $409 49, being the arrears of current expenses prior to October, 1877. These have been paid during the past year, by money given for that purpose, and the Mission is now free from debt.

The number of persons attending the Mission meetings has been increasing constantly since the Mission House was built. At certain seasons the attendance is so large that the Chapel cannot accommodate all who come to the meetings, and many persons, on such occasions, have been turned away. It has, therefore, become necessary to enlarge the Chapel by extending it over the adjoining lot. This ought to be done during the coming year, or as soon as the Mission is in possession of money sufficient for the purpose.

Letters were received from Mr. William E. Dodge, Senior, Mr. Robert Bonner, and Mr. Clinton B. Fisk, stating their

regrets that circumstances prevented them from being present; and short addresses expressing approbation of the work of the Mission were made by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Jesup, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Cutting.

The necessity and estimated cost of enlarging the Mission Chapel in the manner proposed in the Annual Report, were then stated to the audience; and at once an amount of money sufficient for the purpose was promised by friends who were present, in sums from $5 to $300; and by a large number of the converts, whose gifts for the object varied in amounts from 50 cents to $50 (in one case). Subscriptions and collections were also made to aid in sustaining the Mission's work during the current year.

Mr. John B. Gough addressed the audience and said that he had spoken to audiences of all kinds, in England and the United States, and he always drew a large portion of his fund of illustration from what he had seen and heard, many times, in this Water street Mission. He said:

"I know something about the experience of the men whom I meet and speak to here. I landed in this city on a Saturday morning, many years ago, a poor, friendless young fellow, with only fifty cents in my pocket. I was recommended to a dingy, dirty old tavern in Pearl street, called The Brown Jug. I went there, and they took my fifty cents, and kept me after a fashion till Monday. Then I walked the streets, in rain and storm, day after day, to seek employment. I knew what poverty was then. I knew what it was to be hungry and have no money to buy food! I knew what it was to be cold and have no money to get a fire with! Many a day I walked the streets, and buttoned my coat close up around my throat, that those who met me might

not know that there was nothing under it! My poor old mother came over from England to linger through poverty for a year, and then she died. More than once we laid in our beds all Sunday through to keep warm, because we had no money to buy coal for a fire. Beds? Why they were only heaps on the floor! You see that I know what the dangers and sufferings of the poor are. I often think that no one can understand, as well as we, the temptations which poverty has to resist.

"What a place of safety this Mission is! Let me tell you a true story: In a large town that I know of, the teetotallers have a club-room for the purpose of recreation and social intercourse. One evening a man came in very drunk. He was asked if he knew what place he was in.

"'Yesh; this is a teetotal club.'

"'Well, you are drunk!'

"'Yesh; I'm very drunk; 's drunk as I very well can be!'

"'You know this is a teetotal club?'

"'Yesh; an' I'm a teetotaller.'

"'But you are drunk!'

"'I know I am. Did you never see a drunk teetotaller before? If you never did, here's me!'

"'Well,' said one of the members, supposing the poor fellow was fooling, 'you'd better get out of this!'

"'Oh, don't put me out! I'm a teetotaller! I signed the pledge an hour ago,'—and he drew a paper out of his coat pocket.—'I've not drunk a drop since, and *I've come in here for safety!*'"

Mr. A. S. Hatch, who has been interested in the Mission since its beginning, addressed the audience in explanation of the character of the testimonies given by the converts of the Mission; although they are well understood by those who frequently attend the meetings, occasional visitors, who come from another grade of society, may misapprehend them and question the genuineness of

the spiritual experiences of some of those who give them. He said:

"It is sometimes difficult for Christians, whose position and circumstances in life when converted, were those of respectability and comfort, to realize all that religion—the coming to the Lord Jesus Christ—means to many of these people whose testimonies you have heard here. While it means to them the same cleansing from sin, the same inward peace, the same hope of Heaven, that it means to you and to me; it means to many of them, in addition to these, much more besides. To many of them it means not only reconciliation to God, but also reconciliation to human laws and to human society. To some of them it means no more fear of the policeman's grip or the detective's quick glance; no more dread of the prison and the gallows; no more weeks in the Tombs; no more months on Blackwell's Island; no more dreary years at Sing Sing or Auburn. To them it means an honest life; the confidence and trust of their fellow-men; liberty to walk upright in broad day, unhunted and without a price upon their heads; and the sweetness of eating in fearless security the bread of honest toil!

"To many others it means no more dreadful carousals in beastly drunkenness; no more bruised and aching heads; no more smashed crockery and mutilated furniture; a wife broken-hearted no more; and their children fleeing from them no more in terror! It means no more journeys to the pawn-shop; no more homeless wanderings in the streets by day; no more sleepless nights in Station Houses, or in dirty dens, or on the docks, or in the gutters!

"To these men and women, Salvation means decent clothing instead of rags, cleanliness instead of dirt and vermin. It means the parents reconciled, the home restored, the wife and children happy and smiling. It means food, and raiment, and employment, and friends, and self-respect, and everything else that makes life comfortable and pleasant. We need not wonder, that, in attempting to tell what Jesus has done for them, they speak of these things.

Good Christian people, coming as visitors to these meetings, and hearing these testimonies but once, or only at long intervals, are sometimes disturbed with the fear, that these men and women are not soundly converted. Hearing them, in the fullness of their gratitude, and in the warmth of their love, tell of the homes, the friends, the food, the clothing, the good wages, and the comforts of life which the service of God has brought to them, you may sometimes say: 'Why, these people seem to value Salvation only for the material comforts and rewards which it brings to them!'

"We who know them, and hear them often, know better than this. When they speak here, they are limited in their testimonies to one minute, in order that as many as possible may have an opportunity to speak at each meeting. A man cannot tell all that he feels and knows of the love of God, and of the blessings of Salvation, in one minute. You have to hear them ten, twenty, fifty times, before all that they have to tell of the goodness of God, and the happiness of serving their new-found Master and Redeemer, comes out. I have heard some of them testify a hundred times; and at each last time have found that not half of the story of their redemption had yet been told. And we who have heard their testimonies most frequently, and know their hearts and their lives best, have found that those who have the most grateful sense of these present blessings and material benefits, which the love and service of Jesus has brought into their lives, and who speak first and often of those things, have also the strongest faith in God, the sweetest experiences of inward peace and spiritual communion with Him, and the brightest and most stedfast hope of eternal life."

After singing the Doxology, with thankful hearts, the congregations were dismissed, and the regular work of the Mission was resumed.

THE MISSION HOUSE.

THE McAuley Water-street Mission began its work in October, 1872, in an old wooden building, known as 316 Water street, which had been, for many years, a vile dance house and rum-shop. A picture of this house may be seen on page 7. The Mission was then known as "The Helping Hand for Men." After occupying this place for four years, it became entirely unfit for the work. It was then decided that the Mission ought to be provided with a substantial house, adapted to its purposes. In September, 1876, the old building was taken down, and upon its site the present three-story brick Mission House was built. It was first occupied in December, 1876, when the Mission was incorporated and assumed its present name.

THE PARTICULAR BUSINESS AND OBJECTS

of the Mission, stated in its Certificate of Incorporation, "shall be to do good to the souls and bodies of all who may come under its influence, by proclaiming to them the truths of the Holy Bible and salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, by giving them religious instruction, by lifting up the fallen, by aiding the tempted, and encouraging them in their efforts to escape from evil habits and appetites, and by providing a place to which whoever will may freely come for Christian worship and fellowship, for the promotion of Godliness, and for mutual encouragement in the Christian life."

The following named persons gave materials and services to finish the Mission House.

Mr. John D. Phyfe gave his services as a builder; Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co gave the Tin for the roof, E. F. Holbrook & Brothers part of the Glass, Hayden, Gere & Co. Brass work for water and gas; The National Stove Works a large Heating Furnace, The Tuttle & Bailey Manufacturing Co. Hot-air Registers and Ventilators, The J. L. Mott Iron Works a Kitchen Range, Mr. Frederic Adee a Steam Boiler for the range, The E. P. Gleason Manufacturing Co. Lamps and Gas-fittings, The Archer & Pancoast Manufacturing Co. Gas-fixtures; Messrs. William Jackson & Son a fire-place Grate and Fixtures; Mr. W. S. Estey, Messrs. Howard and Morse, and the Wm. Cabble Excelsior Manufacturing Co. gave Wire and Wire-cloth; Mr. John Carter, Plumbing; Messrs. Harrison & Moller, Glass Globes.

The following named business firms, societies, and persons —besides some whose names are not known—gave money to pay for the Land, the Mission House, and the Furniture:

R. L. & A. Stuart, Cammann & Co., B. G. Arnold & Co., J. Gould & Son, E. Ridley & Son, G. E. Moore & Co., Bloss & Juckes, B. R. S. & Co.

The Bethany Institute, The Booth Missionary Association, The University Place Presbyterian Church, The Fourth Street Methodist Church.

John Anderson, Henry Allen, Mrs. Elizabeth Bayard, Levi M. Bates, Stephen Barker, Matthew Bird, Robert Bonner, General James Bowen, Mrs. Bowen, Captain Bowen, James Buell, Mr. Bradbury, Harry C. Bradelton, M. Bayard Brown, Mrs. William R. Bliss, Mrs. J. Hull Browning.

W. Bayard Cutting, R. Fulton Cutting, George W. L. Carter, Miss Mary T. Cockcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer W. Coe, Benjamin F. Corliss, Captain Clark, John A. Clark, H. G. Craig, Thomas C. Doremus, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge, William E. Dodge Jr., Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, Charles A. Denny, Daniel Dennison, Miss Denton, J. C. Dozen, W. H. Davis, Captain Davis, Mrs. Frank Delano.

Ambrose K. Ely, Edward S. Ely, John Eliot, Clinton B. Fisk, Harvey Fisk, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Farrar, Anderson Fowler, William H. Francis, S. B. French John Froue, S. B. F., John B. Gough, William H. Garner, S. T. Gordon, Isabella Gibson, H. A. Grant, Jr., J. M. Groove, H. Greer, Louis W. Gortzman, T. Grills, C. P. Huntington, Samuel E. Hiscox, James H. Hovey, A. S. Hatch, E. F. Hoffman, J. P. Hewitt, O. H. Hazard, Patrick Hallorhan, Mrs. Howe, Morris K. Jessup, Theodore S. Johnson, L. R. Kellogg, Mrs. E. S. Jaffray, Lewis E. Jackson.

S. Otis Livingston, Charles Lanier, N. Lyon, A. Locker, Charlton C. Lambert, Frederic E. Lathrop, H. G. Leask, Jr., Frederic Marquand, Rev. E. D. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan, Elbert B. Munroe, Miss Caroline Murray, D. H. McIlvaine, Mrs. C. McCorkle, Captain Owen, William Nadlin, Francis A. Palmer, E. H. Pendleton, Mrs. Harriet N. Pond, Mrs. William Post, Mrs. Painter, H. W. Putnam, S. Paulison, John D. Phyfe, Edward Rode, Rev. Ebenezer P. Rogers, J. G. Reick, Mrs. Rossiter, Benjamin Reynolds.

Mrs. Helen P. Stokes, Egbert B. Smith, Miss Seymour's cousin, T. G. Sellew, R. M. Scruggs, D. B. Safford, George M. Stearns, J. T. Smith, Samuel J. Tilden, James Talcott, John Tracy, Harvey Tingley, Charles Taylor, William P. Vail, James H. Van Allen, Mrs. A. R. Van Nest, Thurlow Weed, C. J. Weyman, D. G. Watts, J. D. Warner, T. Warren, F. Warley, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Sidney Whittemore, Miss M J. Young, and many anonymous donors.

The first story of the Mission House is the Chapel, where meetings are held every evening in the year. The second story is arranged in apartments for the residence of the Superintendents. The third story is left to be finished hereafter, for such uses as circumstances may render necessary. The House is constructed with walls of sufficient strength to admit of the erection of two additional stories.

The following named persons have subscribed to pay for the enlargement of the Mission Chapel; others, whose names are not known, have given money, in various sums, for the same purpose:

Francis A. Palmer, William E. Dodge, Jr., James Talcott, Samuel E. Hiscox, J. J. McComb, L. P. Tibbals, Tunis C. Bergen, Joseph Lester, William Bayard Cutting, Thurlow Weed, S. Otis Livingston, E. H. Pendleton, Geo. Alger, F. S. Dobson, Alonzo Alford, Mrs. E. Bayard, Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Van Auken, Mrs. G. C. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Abijah Howland, Mrs. Helen Safford, F. P. Schralz.

George Sperling and wife, A. Raymond & Co., J. M. Sutherland, Sela Gildersleeve, Julius H. Dreher, Charles Andersen, William Keele and wife, John Gildersleeve, John Tracy, Edward Harry, Mr. Strickmand, Edward Ring.

John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McAuley, E. A. Farwell, John O'Neil, W. Sheppard, John W. Horton, Robert Ceder, Edward Meade, Mr. Henderson, R. M. Pile, Tobias Gabrielson and wife, Captain Reynolds, Frank Gall, William Owens and wife.

Jacob K. Eberle, George Lebeck and wife, William Watts and wife, Edward Padgett and wife, Charles Stewart and wife, Geo. Blackburn, Mr. Headland, Lieut. Wilkinson, Ben. Corless, Mr. Lamb, Agnes Drummond, C. F. Brown, Mr. Deacon, Mr. Sheldon, Mrs. Rode, James Noble.

Mrs. Talcott, Mrs. Crane, Edward Murray, Samuel Eastman, John Owens, Mike Dunn, P. H. Bushey, Albert Bachman, Charles F. Meimann, Patrick Rahl, D. S. Abrams, G. Field, Mrs. Anderson, Wm. H. Ricker, Robert Stewart, Nels. S. Smith and wife, R. J. Manning Benjamin White, G. Carey, E. C. Mitchell, James Maxwell, Henry Nelson, Joseph Rowe, John J. Dougherty, Edward Fay and wife, John C. Knox, George T. Judson, H. W. Engleman, Frank Lindsay, William Stewart, James Tuttle, Mr. Kimball, Capt. McKay, E. Wilson, Phillip Roper, John Devine, Smith Mott, Mr. Fulton.

The following named persons, residing in different places, contributed to pay the current expenses of the Mission during the year, from October 1st, 1877, to October 1st, 1878. Others also contributed to the same object without making known their names or residences:

New York City.—Henry M. Alexander. W. L. Atwater, J. C. Atwater, F. E. Adams, M. Bayard Brown, R. Bayard, Dr. A. S. Ball, Dr. Amelia Barnett, Miss Sadie Berkley, Rev. W. H. Boole, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Bliss, Isaac V. Brokaw, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer W. Coe, Miss Mary T. Cockcroft, W. Bayard Cutting, R. Fulton Cutting, Robert Dent, William E. Dodge, Norman Dodge, Mrs. Edward Dodge and son, Mrs. John C. Ely.

Clinton B. Fisk, Joseph W. Fiske, Friend P. Fitts, Albert Fink, J. H. Fingell, S. T. Gordon, John Gildersleve, James M. Ham, A. S. Hatch, J. A. Horsey, Walter Holladay, Mrs. A. H. Hoyt, Mrs. Henry B. Hyde, Mrs. Samuel E Hiscox, S. Otis Livingston, William F. Lee, F. T. Locke, George Le Beck, L. F. Lewis, Miss Ella Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Loomis.

Mrs. D. H. McAlpin, Miss Dora McChesney, James H. McCorkle, Frederic Marquand, Arthur Myer, Mrs. M. C. Murray, T. Middlemore, Mrs. S. Manning, James Noble, James Painter, Jr., Phillip Phillips, Edward Padget, W. L. Quinell, C. R. Robert, Mrs. A. M. Robert, Mrs. Robert M. Reynolds, John Rost, J. L. Rue, Andrew V. H. Stuyvesant, A. V. Stout, George W. Snow, Rev. J. Simmons, R. W. Smith, S. B. Strong, J. C. Simpson, Mrs. Lucy Slade, Mrs. C. A. Silver, Mrs. James Talcott, L. P. Tibbals, Rev. William J. Tucker, Edward Tatum Treasurer of Trustees of the Murray Fund, "J. C. T.," Mrs. William H. Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Whittemore, Thurlow Weed, Miss Weed, Joseph Walker, Dr. J. E. Whitehead, Neziah Wright, Miss M. J. Young.

New York State.—Mrs. E. Y. Butchers, Canastota; Rufus Day, Limerick; Rev. O. H. Hazard, Highland Falls; Miss Sara L. Jerome, Manlius; Mrs. Isaac J. Lansing, Clifton Springs; Stephen V. Lewis. Waterford; Mrs. H. Mason, Attica; H. McMortery, Oswego; George D. Morgan, Irvington; Joseph B. Page, Brighton, Montgomery County; Presbyterian Sunday School, Manlius; Mrs. L. F. Seaman, Afton; Frank K. Spicer, Plattsburg.

Connecticut.—Rev. Seth Bliss, Berlin; James G. Baldwin, Middletown; David English, Hartford; Edward T. Greenslit, Hampton; S. J. L. Gillette, Colchester; Dudley Haines, West Haven; George Maxwell, Rockville; M. Lucinda Smith, Stamford; Samuel S. Ward, Hartford; anonymous remittance from Noank.

Massachusetts.—J. H. Farrar, Boston; Miss Emma F. Leonard, Scotland; Mrs. A. C. Fearing, Wareham.

Vermont.—A. H. Matthews, East Middlebury; Rev. L. Smith, Whiting.

New Hampshire.—Mrs. Eliza Clark and Mrs. Abby F. Ober, Hill, Merrimack County.

Rhode Island.—D. B. Fitts, Newport.

New Jersey.—Miss Nina Howland, Morristown; "A. S. R.," Camden; Mrs. Charles Sudler, Jersey City; anonymous remittances from Elizabeth and Camden.

Pennsylvania.—Miss Mary Boswell, Philadelphia; William Cooke, Harrisville; William T. Kern, Nazareth; James Woodruff, Beaver; anonymous remittances from Bethlehem and Kittanning.

Delaware.—" M. M.," Delaware City.

Virginia.—D. F. Easton, Strasburg; Mrs. Jane G. Edwards, Alexandria.

Ohio.—Mary S. Dunlap, Zanesville; J. W. Harrison, Gustavus; E. H. Pendleton, Cincinnati; C. H. Scoles, Milan.

Illinois.—G. Drew, Bunker Hill; Isabella Thomson, Cordova.

Michigan.—O. L. Leonard, Belding.

Iowa.—Mrs. Mary Kinnis, Woodbine; Benjamin Talbots, Council Bluffs.

Kansas.—Rev. O. W. Wright, Dodge City.

Canada.—George Hague, Montreal.

MONEYS RECEIVED BY THE TREASURER

FOR THE

CURRENT EXPENSES OF THE MISSION,

From October 1st, 1878, to December 1st, 1879.

October, 1878.—From the Camp-Meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., $10. Mr. Alford, $2. Mr. Olman, $1. Mrs. Bradley, $1. Mr. Love, $3. Mr. Pendleton, $2. Mrs. O'Hara, $1. Mr. King, $1. Mr. Gildersleeve, $1. Edward Rode, $4. W. H. Boole, $1. University Place Presbyterian Church, $101.65. E. F. B., 25. Anonymous, $44.57.

November, 1878.—Mrs. Cotlin, $1.50. Mr. Tibballs, $2. John H. Bradley, $5. Tabernacle Baptist Sunday-School, $25. Charles C. Shelley, $51.75. Lucinda Smith (Stamford, Conn.), $2. James Noble, $4. S. W. Coe, $20. Anonymous, $38.48.

December, 1878.—Mrs. Wickham, $1. Miss Parks, $1. Mrs. Cotlin, $5. Miss Walsh, $8. Miss Mary Willis, $1. J. Noble, $3. Miss Cockcroft, $10. F. B. Romeyer, $5. B. M. Boswell (Phila.), $5. Samuel E. Hiscox, $50. R. Fulton Cutting, $100. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, $200. H. A. J., $10. E. D. Morgan, Jr., $10. C. Johnson, $30. Anonymous, $29.01.

January, 1879.—William Keele and wife, $4. Mr. Mott, $5. J. Noble, $3. R. P. Beale (Springfield, Mass.), $10. Mrs. Fisk, $1. Mr. Tunk, $1.50. G. Beatty, $2. M. Bayard Brown, $50. W. F. Lee, $10. Mrs. Cairns (Washington, D. C.), $2. Miss Mary T. Cockcroft, $25. Anonymous, $50.97.

February, 1879.—Mr. Bedell, $1. Capt. Rabbitt, $1. Mr. Olsen, $1. L. P. Tibballs, $5. Tabernacle Baptist Church, $10. John Tracy, $2. William H. Garner, $50. Presbyterian Sunday-School, Manlius, N. Y., $21. Mrs. C. A. Scholes (Milan, N. Y.), $5. Francis A. Palmer, $100. Anonymous, $56.40.

March, 1879.—Mr. McDougall, $1. Miss Mary Hyde, $2. Mr. Tibballs, $1. J. Lawson, $5. Mrs. Howard (Eureka, Cal.), $5. J. G. Hope and wife, $2. Thomas K. Cree, $10. Miss Nellie D. Small (Mercer, Pa.), $100. Rev. O. W. Wright (Dodge City, Kansas), $5. Anonymous, $70.11.

April, 1879.—R. P. Beale (Springfield, Mass.), $5. J. D. Blake, $2. A. Goodland, $6. G. M. Woodward, $3. J. Noble, $2. Mr. Alford, $1.50. Mrs. O'Hara, $1. Mr. Davis, $1. Mr. Leveridge, $2. Jay Gould, $100. Anonymous, $27.47.

May, 1879.—J. Cherry, $1. Martin Harris, $1. Mr. J. D. Blake, $3. Mrs. Sturgis, $6. John Tracy, $3. William Keele and wife, $1. Anonymous, $76.33.

June, 1879.—James Talcott, $100. J. W. Fiske. $100. Clinton B. Fiske, $100. Wellesley College, Mass., by Lilla O. Davidson, $25. B. Creig, $1. Anonymous, $13.07.

July, 1879.—William Keele and wife, $2. Rev. O. W. Wright (Dodge City, Kansas), $5. Anonymous, $23.71.

August, 1879.—William Keele and wife, $3. Anonymous, $35.60.

September, 1879.—Mrs. O'Hara, $2. H. McKenzie, $1. Charles A. Denny, $20. E. F. Browning, $25. Cammann & Co., $20. Anonymous, $34.44.

October, 1879.—Rev. R. H. Vail, $3. Albert Shaw, $2. William Keele and wife, $3. J. H. Beauchamp (Baltimore, Md.), $2. W. M. Abbott, $5. S. Otis Livingston, $50. Mr. Blake, $5. Mr. Davis, $2. J. C. Gordon (Maplewood, Mass.), $5. Mr. Webster, $1. J. M. Woodward, $2. H. Anderson, $2. Morris K. Jesup, $100. R. Fulton Cutting, $100. William Bayard Cutting, $100. D. Wadsworth, $50. Tabernacle Baptist Sunday-School, $25. Anonymous, $64.43.

November, 1879.—Mr. Alford, $1. Francis A. Palmer, $10. Amy Goodland, $6. L. P. Tibballs, $2. Samuel E. Hiscox, $10. S. Otis Livingston, $10. James Talcott, $10. Anonymous, $37.79.

JOHN H. BOSWELL, *Treasurer.*

TRUSTEES

OF THE

McAULEY WATER-STREET MISSION.

A. S. HATCH, PRESIDENT.

CLINTON B. FISK,
JOHN D. PHYFE,
JAMES TALCOTT,
R. FULTON CUTTING,
SIDNEY WHITTEMORE,
SAMUEL E. HISCOX.

AVERY CLASSICS

From the 1st Psalm.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

From the 34th Psalm.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

From the 103d Psalm.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For, as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him; and as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

From the Book of Proverbs.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

Safe Wallet III
917.47 N1

Notice

THAT there is a public meeting in the Mission Chapel No. 316 Water street, New York city (between Roosevelt and Dover streets), every evening in the year, at 7½ o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock, for the benefit of sailors, landsmen, strangers, friendless and homeless men and women, and all others who would like to spend a pleasant hour under Christian influences, listening to the singing of hymns, the reading of the Bible, and the testimony of many who have been saved from sin and made happy by the power of Jesus.

Everybody who desires to escape from temptation and the miseries of a sinful life is invited to come to these meetings. The seats are free. No collections of money are taken.